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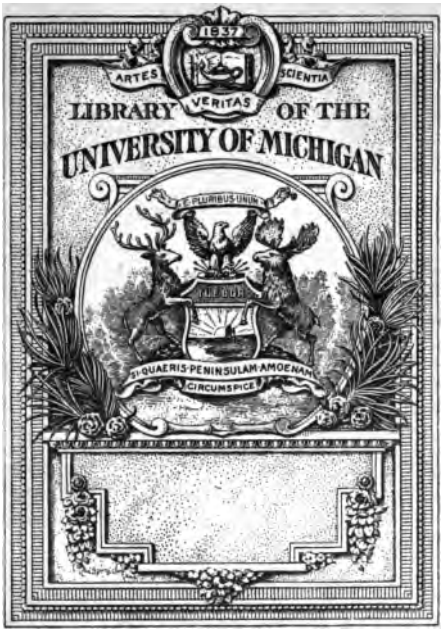
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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SECOND.

CONTAINING THE

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1813.

EARL of OXFORD

Published by W. Darell & Co 1813.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOLUME XVIII.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Dover-street, March* 4, 1729-30.

It is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, it is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will when you please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these

accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at Westminster, and they are excellent scholars: the eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty, and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whaley all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: he seems to be in great hopes; I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or houseroom, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant, OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulkeley.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *March* 31, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me to get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. Lewis told me last Sunday, that he was in a day or two to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are likely to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, wherever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I cannot bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not likely to see his Rouen brother very soon; for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the sour hermitage. My Lord Oxford told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and has promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from China. I assure you too, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When Lord Bolingbroke is in town, he lodges at Mr. Chetwynd's, in Dover street. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been

extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can for a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed. Upon this occasion, I now and then have seen Jo. Taylor, who says he has a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else: and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a la able practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. Pope's. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should again incur the displeasure of my superiors. I cannot for my life think so well of them as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, Lord Cornbury, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in England, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, Lord Bathhurst spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. Pope's: in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest mo-

ney; though, by looking upon accounts, I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave Jo. Taylor to speak for me. To-day I dine with Alderman Barber, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not Chartres's misfortunes* grieve you? For that great man is likely to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

TO LADY WORSLEY.*

MADAM, *April* 19, 1730.

My Lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years than, in regard to my own reputation as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your ladyship, when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great grand-

* He was condemned at the Old Bailey, Feb. 27, 1729-30, for a rape. B.

† Frances, Lady Worsley, only daughter of Thomas, Lord Viscount Weymouth, was the lady of Sir Robert Worseley, bart. and mother to Frances, Lady Carteret. She is frequently mentioned with great respect by Dr. Swift. N.

mother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up, daughter, &c." You are to answer this letter; and to inform me of your health and humour; and whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having so long conversed with the Irish world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion; for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the king, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort (if such another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton?* (I forget her new name.) I saw her three years ago, at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them; which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

* This lady, the widow of Colonel Barton, and niece to Sir Isaac Newton, was a distinguished beauty, and is celebrated in three different poems in the 5th volume of Dryden's Miscellanies. In her widowhood, she was entertained by Lord Halifax, who was very liberal to her at his death.* She afterwards married Mr. Conduitt, who succeeded to Sir Isaac Newton's office in the mint; and by this latter match had a daughter, who was married to Lord Lempster. The dean's friendship with this lady appears throughout the journal to Stella; and is acknowledged by Mrs. Conduitt, in a letter printed in Vol. XIX. dated Nov. 29, 1733. N.

My Lady Carteret has made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the queen, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said, "She intended a medal for me, but it was not finished." I afterward sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore, I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a bachelor, to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, *June* 30, 1730.

I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was;* and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was

* London. N.

resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop: you would see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack bills, historical accounts, fables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of Britain was long defended against the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the Chinese, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the Tartars. Now I think of it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, so far: and farthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do

not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications aforementioned in any wise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body: but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into Norfolk,* to place them as an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I do not like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong as you may conceive, to desire that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to show the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr.

* To Houghton, the seat of Sir Robert Walpole. B.

Pope; so that I have detained only one for myself. I do not believe, such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, July* 4, 1730.

You tell me that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you will not write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Amesbury, at the Duke of Queensberry's. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name.* You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five-and-twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by General Dormer, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr. John Hoadly, succeeded Archbishop King in the see of Dublin, January 19, 1729-30. B.

other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I do not like; it is what I would not choose. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment: for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, in the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters: for, since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once since I left London: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, July* 15, 1730.

MR. CLAYTON telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was; Peggy is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master Whaley is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of law-

yers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever; but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, *Circncester, Sept.* 9, 1730.

You have taken all the precaution which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a Dutch burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. "I show all your letters to our Irish wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of English bulls and blunders." And for farther security, you add at last, "I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shall not be back again, God knows when." I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that, according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine. But if you grow obstinate, and would not answer, I will plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I will take your works to pieces, and show you, that they are all borrowed or stolen. Have not you stolen the

sweetness of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the style —a great matter indeed, for an Englishman to value himself upon, that he can write English: why, I write English too, but it is in another style.

But I would not forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little farther into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and do not remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the French writers; none of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the last age among us abounded in; none of those pretty similies, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing is-

deed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil and good natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.*

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of showing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she should not fail of my entreaties to his grace of

* Daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, one of the lords justices of Ireland in 1699, with whom Dr. Swift went over as chaplain and private secretary. She married Sir John Germain, bart. of Drayton, in Northamptonshire. See in Vol. X. the "Ballad on the Game of Traffick," and "The Cutpurse." N.

Dorset for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is: so till my Lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at Windsor, and I choose rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing, as that lord's lady; and whether just or no, I will not attempt disputing with her ladyship. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him, (in lady Betty's chamber*) where the "happy composition†" should exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I would not mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

* Alluding to the first lines of Frances Harris's petition. H.

† This expression alludes to the last verse of Swift's "Receipt to form a Beauty,"

"And call'd the happy composition Floyd."

Biddy Floyd is mentioned in the Ballad on the Game of Traffick, as being one of the party at Lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with Lady Betty. H.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Nov.* 8, 1730.

So you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can; which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friends? Mr. Pope, indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me that the letters which are directed to him concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me: I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and I believe that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for, I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the Duchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come spend me; and your friends cry, come see me. I

have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you will call at Amesbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and a half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court.* I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not; for you shall have all your share of talk,† which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany.

I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an

* Stephen Duck, a poor thresher, having written some verses, they were shown to Queen Caroline; who made him her library-keeper at Richmond. He afterward took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself. H.

† Mr. Gay was reserved in his conversation. H.

hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I do not know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it or not, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to Amesbury; and you must be persuaded that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. BY THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

I would fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome; for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

When my Lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre*: for his grace having heard how good a manager you

were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury downs, having rid over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidential fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a she cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil

is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed you conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty; with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a whig printer; it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

MY LORD, *Nov.* 10, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my Lord Sussex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the Duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the Duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office, which is now in your lordship; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always

* Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, Baron Stanhope of Shelford, was born Sept. 22, 1694; succeeded to those titles, Jan. 27, 1725-6; was elected knight of the garter, May 18, 1730; soon after made lord steward of his majesty's household, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General; and in 1745 appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. He died March 23, 1773.—His lordship had long been celebrated, not only as an elegant writer himself, but as one of the greatest encouragers of polite learning. The most eminent of his writings are the Letters to his Son, printed, after his lordship's death, from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, widow to the young gentleman to whom they were addressed. His lordship's miscellaneous works, a valuable collection of his letters, and memoirs of his life, were also published by Dr. Maty. N.

pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, "The poor (meaning their own dependents) you have always with you," &c.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favour for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my Lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) "a drop in the bucket."

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it; which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordship. I am,

My Lord, &c.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

DEAR SIR,

THE passage in Mr. Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in the morning, of the electuary, marked B; with five spoonfulls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time when you are troubled with it; or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or any thing you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant† has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not writ to her since she wrote to you. I have showed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what serves to tell you, that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. Helsham to be physician to the

* Endorsed, "Received, Nov. 13, 1720." H.
† The Duke of Dorset. H.

lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My respects to him and Dr. Delany.

A.

℞ pulv. rad. ipecacoanæ, ℈j.

B.

℞ conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ʒvj. rubigin. martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. syrup. e succo kermes, q. s.

C.

℞ as. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. M. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ cortic. peruviani elect. rubign. martis ana ʒj. digere tepidè in vini alb. Gallic. ℔ij per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞. sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana ʒij. misce.*

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood

* As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

Take of zedoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms: orange peel, a drachm; lesser cardamom seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring water for six hours; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water. H.

one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done.* I believe my Lord Carteret,† since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never

* By patronizing Gay. Dr. Warton.

† The lines which this nobleman quoted from Homer, on his death-bed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the peace, were as happily applied, as the apology he used to Swift for some harsh measures in Ireland:

"——Regni novitas me talia cogit
"Moliri." Dr. Warton.

less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those day was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull toward the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200l. to have left place for as many more.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that

the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages* before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *November* 21, 1730.

I DO now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter shall be a history. First,

* He means Queen Caroline; and her neglect of Gay, which recommended him to the Duchess of Queensberry. DR. WARTON.

therefore, I call you to witness, that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea: and from her majesty, one worth ten pounds; by way of a memorial. Yours I received; and the queen, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following; yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes, as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That when I was last in England, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity; from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice: and when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of

giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England: which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the queen pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm, you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons, which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, beside all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him; although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence; and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to Prince William; which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances; promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman: but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual

method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation, of a favourite; where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teazed with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope has always been an advocate for your sincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confess, I never heartily pledged your health as a toast, upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For, as to friendship, truth, sincerity and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the queen all I have said of her; and in my own words, if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality: for, you are not the first, by at least three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed, that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, "that, from something that

had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill." After all, I know, no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person; for, I must except the queen; and it is not an exception of form: because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Dec.* 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in London; and they are sent hither by his porter. We shall stay here till after the holidays. You say, we deserve envy: I think we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visiters, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. It was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most

generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, has no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to show civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion, contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours; and in all disputes you shall convince me if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you

take prudence for imperiousness: it is from this first, that I determined not to like one who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or not I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should choose to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than it is possible any one can deserve. Pray come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet laureat. I am, sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I do not know,

C. Q.

Mr. Gay is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I do not care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as two hundred pounds, you have a lumping pennyworth.

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

SIR, *Hague, Dec.* 15, 1730.

You need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply, since those changes, which, you say, drove

you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him: but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office,* I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it, but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his politicnl principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a tory, the person who was the author of my crime would likewise be the author of my vindication.

I am, with real esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the Duke of Dorset, appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Dec. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to Dean Swift, that I have not answered his letter I received before the last: for even prebendary Head assured my brother Harry, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being a major general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I certainly ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill this fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. Barber; as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ****'s poems to the Duke and Duchess of Dorset. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we cannot spell; but that is by way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with

your commands. Well, I do so; because this gets a proof, that after so many year's acquaintance, there is one that will take my word; which is a certain sign that I have not often broke it. Therefore, behold the consequence is this: I have given my word to the Duke of Dorset, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mr. Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to show my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of where justice or good nature is necessary; but to show you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to give; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of Dorset (whether my proper business or not) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to show how sincerely I am

Your friend and faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28, 1730.

You might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visiter, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination; I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

TO LADY SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730, *at a conjecture.*

My reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at Sir Compton Domville's* house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you; and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son.† I will not believe your ladyship was so

* Lady Santry's brother. D. S. † Lord Santry. D. S.

weak as to spread this complaint yourself: but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visiters. But, if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account, which is, never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I had said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 5, 1730-31.

I RETURN your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter; and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second

time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is, to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he has no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect, from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship, in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! and God forbid, that in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in farther excuse of my weakness, to confess, that beside some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and conse-

quently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself: and that, as in my time the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, easily succeed against all visible impossibilities.

I am, &c.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 9, 1730-31.

Among the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in England, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired Pope, when he wrote to

you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you, with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be with greater sincerity than I am,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has driven certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press within these two months,* than ever was known before. Upon this Dr. Arbuthnot has written a very humorous treatise,† which he showed me this morning; wherein he proves from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly gothic and barbarous. He shows how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore, were pretty common expressions among them; kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators abused one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a

* Among the pamphlets published within that period was Lord Harvey's Sedition and Defamation displayed, in a Letter to the author of the Craftsman, published in January, 1730. B.

† Probably that published in the Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot, at Glasgow, vol. I. p. 40. The title of the piece is, "A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglicut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients." B.

pity this method of objurgation should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Tully are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted, he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Feb. 23, 1730-31.

Now were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but do not flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your messages this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well, but, however, from my dame Wadgar's* first impression, have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat,† she deserves his poetry in her praises.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it

* The deaf housekeeper at Lord Berkeley's. H.
† Colly Cibber. H.

out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty happy to have you call that a favour; for surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power, to show, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

Mrs. Lloyd is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

FROM MR. GAY.

March 20, 1730-31.

I THINK it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing, by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, he, and I, dined together yesterday at Barne's, with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord Bathurst has this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to twelve pounds, and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I

had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to show you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but three pounds *per cent.*

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of January last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in Burlington gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir John Cutler. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at Salisbury, and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man, but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it does not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so when-

ever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *April* 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in amounts to at present (all debts paid) about three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money, which Lord Bathurst paid into my hands some time ago. I left that sum, with 200l. of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, with the interest money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at Amesbury, getting health and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, of water drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that

may offend? But, an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left London, I made a visit to Mrs. Barber. I wish I could any wise have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. And they have subscribed, and I proposed it before Jo. Taylor; who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she has given you an account that she has some prospect of success from other recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. Pope's health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was about a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DUCHESS.

It was Mr. Gay's fault that I did not write sooner; which if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way,

when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours; for, to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse, when people do not fancy themselves sick. Mr. Gay knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name any fixed time that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I do not happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards, you will be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

The direction is to the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming; get over your lawsuit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "He shall not write a word more from Amesbury, in Wiltshire. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c. ——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput.——But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

MADAM,

SINCE Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ

from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and, consequently, am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For, I profess, you are the first lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714,* and I have forgot

* The day on which Queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were lost. N.

the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company; which, however, I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen; which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

April 19, 1731.

I NEVER designed to have written to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l.* I had of yours: I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your deanery brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; beside which, you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method that you may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses; I will find exercise for you. Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; beside washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expense in housekeeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best

physicians, that women's milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been; and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the drapier been a milksop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delany and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time; when you live in that regular way, which I shall propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of Durham. For, if you keep cows instead of horses, in that high walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume seven or eight hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lord lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir Arthur* and my lady, will for the future be confined to

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat, in a village called Market-

prose; and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. Austin says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum.* Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. Austin's *vinum dæmonum.*

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body: I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar Bacon prescribed to the pope who lived in his days. Read his Cure of old age, and Preservation of youth, chapter the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, used the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (and he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. Brac-

hill in Ireland, the dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir Arthur and my lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's bawn should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The Old Thorn, is that cut down at Market-hill, the subject of a little poem written by Swift. See Vol. XI. H.

ton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ.* Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings,* where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the by, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So, in this farce of life; wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious. Adieu. Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious or cunning.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, April* 27, 1731.

YOURS without a date I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only

* A seat of his lordship's, in Buckinghamshire. B.

four days. I saw Mr. Pope, who is much better; I dined with him at Lord Oxford's; who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you very much too in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will by this time have heard has buried Lady Catharine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour Mr Lewis was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I saw two or three times; who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. Blount's, and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you that you mistake her.* This day, before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-sea or India bonds for you, which carry *4l. per cent*, and are as easily turned into ready money as bank bills, which, by this time, I suppose is done. I shall go to London again for a few days in about a fortnight or three weeks, and then I will take care of the twelve pound affair with Mrs. Launcelot as you direct; or, if I hear of Mr. Pope's being in town, I will do it sooner, by a letter to him. When I was in town (after a bashful fit, for having writ

* See Lady Betty Germain's letters of Nov. 7, 1732; and Feb. 8. 1732-3. H.

something like a love letter, and in two years making one visit,) I writ to Mrs. Drelincourt, to apologise for my behaviour, and received a civil answer, but had not time to see her; they are naturally very civil; so that I am not so sanguine to interpret this as any encouragement. I find by Mrs. Barber, that she very much interests herself in her affair; and indeed, from every body who knows her, she answers the character you first gave me.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promise you, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks that I have not given. I do not know what to say to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, beside those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and, all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together when you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing: for, speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I do not think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own af-

fairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

TO VENTOSO.

SIR, *April* 28, 1731.

YOUR letter has lain by me, without acknowledging it, longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say: for, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you: for, you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess, that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and besides, you run the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions; and of others, who, either really, or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous person; of which

last notion I once hinted something to you: because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes, and other great persons, arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because a universal opinion, among those who know or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, has done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly confessing it to those with whom he converses. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded: but, I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs; and that you would take an oath, never to mention a prince or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the

climate and company where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-house. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or restraint; nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he has no proper claim to it: for you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country business and country acquaintance; or, at best, with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

I am, &c.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more from me; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. Pope, who finds the effects of age and a crazy carcass already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect

you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I do not know what number of chaplains the Duke of Dorset intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know, Mr. Brandreth, who, I believe, was recommended to your acquaintance. I have not been in a way of seeing Mrs. Barber this great while; but I hear (and I hope it is so) that she goes on in her subscription very well; nor has the lady she so much feared done her any harm, if she endeavoured it, which is more than I know that she did. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE QUEEN.*

MADAM, *Dublin, June* 22, 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye; and, of consequence, from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

* Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the Queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope; dated June 22, 1731; received July 19, 1731; given by the countess of Suffolk." See a letter from the countess, dated Sept. 25, 1731. N.

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honour to her country, and to her sex: I will be bold to say, not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours. And yet all talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majesty's capital; known to Lady Hertford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c. a woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God hath blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character, by your regard to persons of genius; especially those, who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trou-

ble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your majesty's
most dutiful and
loyal subject and servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

Ever since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first, I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse; and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride. I

must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: if you like Mrs. ——, why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say,* "Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolick is gone far enough: I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively, I will not write a syllable more." She is an ungrateful duchess considering

* There is exquisite humour and pleasantry in the affected bluntness of this letter, and the elegant compliments paid under the appearance of rudeness. Voiture has nothing more delicate. Waller's to Sacharissa on her marriage, is in the same strain, and is a master piece of panegyric under the appearance of satire. DR. WARTON.

how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth seven thousand pounds, which will bring you three hundred *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house! and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inklin of the matter (your grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London,

while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY.

THE DUCHESS.

July, 18, 1731.

You are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For, if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at sometimes, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can; and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen

not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

MR. GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself, your lawsuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. Howard is now Countess of Suffolk. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you, as to own, that I think she is of my side: but, in short, you shall choose any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. Pope has seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for, I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time; therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness, you at present complain of, and that it has formerly left you,

I will hope, that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her style: it was a thousand to one she had said so; but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you; for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we will tell you, if you will come.

MR. GAY.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are likely to see you or not. Why might not the Amesbury downs make you better?

THE DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Gay tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come; though not in fault.

I own this is a little mean spirited; which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions; so pray, come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

MR. GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours, who has lately had the dignity of being disgraced:* for he, and every body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I paid the twelve pounds to Mrs. Launcelot, for the uses you directed. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, I wish to be so in many; I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks' hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

* William Pulteney, Esq. who, July, 1731, was, by order of King George II. struck out of the list of the privy council, and put out f all the commissions of the peace. B.

TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *July* 20, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere; and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen draper, until Dr. Delany said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on; upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a

manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen draper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, "That her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument." Yet I am told assuredly, that the king not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy (with a hard name) who has married a grand-daughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, "That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the king of Prussia." This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter sent me concluded, "Your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and

I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion, as to write next post to my Lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will show what I write to the queen; although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me, "she complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions; and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the letter† * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page which follow the asterisks. H.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *July* 24, 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: for, you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse; for, your title has not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; and as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told, there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially, when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope,* was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I wrote my whole sen-

* See before, June 22, 1731; and see hereafter, Sept. 25, 1731. N.

timents on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, "that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters;" which indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the queen, "Whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her;" I never asked her for any thing: and you well know, that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else; and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the king said publicly, "I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of Prussia." But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers; it was on a particular occasion: "That when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterward have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet, will they never be reconciled:" and although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have

faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you; and as little to the king, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly: for which, I showed not the least resentment (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling with him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber: whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which by her writings I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness of her majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful, that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in such a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with majesty as others; having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the queen, "That I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her:" neither did I ever once see the late king, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account, for my singularity. In this I am a good whig, by thinking it

sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, farther than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score, had a most particular respect for the queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: and remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect, Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient
and most humble servant.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Echlin will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than christianity, of making up an account with Heaven, and commanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my

situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you where your sincere friend, my late Lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to show you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr. Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so, would

be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and show the proportion of the means.*

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors, in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by showing the mistakes, particularly of Sir John Marsham, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him even in this part, I know not; for, having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," in which he professes to have adopted Lord Bolingbroke's principles,

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;"

and which Lord Bolingbroke, in a subsequent part of this letter, says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving at the same time of the first three books, which he had seen and considered. H.

this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius,* has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make,

* The learned bishop of Cæsarea, in the fourth century, in his memoirs, published by Joseph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amsterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1658. B.

either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign.* But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the second of Spain, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father Paul's, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend;

* This probably alludes to a tract called "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, &c." of which Lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. Pope's means. See Gent. Mag. Vol. XIX. p. 195. H.

I shall dignify my retreat: and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, that you could easily show, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown overboard. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires would have kept me there the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing, what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shows how—

"————A universal cause
Works to one end, but works by various laws."

How man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting.* You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you

* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to show that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence:

> "Happier as kinder in each due degree,
> "And height of bliss, but height of charity."

Now, there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware. It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal? H.

should find, that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state,* which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against

* That is, will not reconcile the present unequal dispensation to the divine justice. H.

Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the Craftsman, which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the Final Answer,* took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister, crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said, neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can

* This pamphlet was written by Lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, 1731. It is entitled, "A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable patrons; and to all the libels which have come, or may come, from the same quarter, against the person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May." H.

be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremastman. I am but a passenger, said my Lord Carbury.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

You and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole po-

liteness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly-the maids of honour.* The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting woman down to the scullion and pantry boy.† I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoeboy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: a lord lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year; why, you need not stare: it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her grace.—Lo, here comes in the duchess again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for discovering my art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said—Madam, I will imitate your grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to at-

* Dialogues of Polite Conversation, published in his life time. WARBURTON.

† See Swift's Directions to Servants, in Vol. VIII. N.

tend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though, perhaps, I shall find it hard to prove your handwriting in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental;* some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fistycuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the meerest trifles I ever wrote, are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) *the world may one day see.*†

* As were the subjects of the "Lutrin," and "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dispensary." DR. WARTON.

† His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. WARBURTON.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

To show how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the Duchess of Dorset's country house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I had that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy, as I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I believe I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine drinker in my family; and upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in lawsuits; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my Lord Peterborow plagued Sir John* all his lifetime; but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man. I saw Mrs. Barber the day before I came out of town, and should be mighty glad to serve her; but cannot say so much by her husband, whom, for her sake, I recomended to the Duke of Dorset to buy his liveries of. The first thing he did was to ask a greater price than any body else: and when we were at Whitechurch, where I attended their graces, he was

* Husband to Lady Betty Germain. H.

informed he had not cloth enough in his shop, and he feared they would not be ready against he came over.

I hope in God I shall soon hear of their safe landing;* and I do not question the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them; for, if you do not spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good natured, great souled man that ever was born. As to my duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so, for his own sake, you must like him: and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy† is just the same as she was; laughs sedately, and makes a joke slily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage coaches and friends'

* The Duke and Duchess of Dorset. H.
† Biddy Floyd. H.

coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt, with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for nightgown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good, when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead.* I shall finish it soon, for

* This will be found in vol. xi. and was thought by Bishop Warburton to be among the best of Swift's poems. N.

I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: whig and tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

MY LORD,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work: and I should have certainly gone about showing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the duchess, ever since you met, has

been most politically employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your grace that the duchess's great secret in her art of government, has been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptick, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw, and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, madam,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.*

SIR, *Hampton Court, Sept.* 25, 1731.

You seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish draper, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this Irish patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. Barber; and Lady M—— or Mrs. Haywood† have writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank providence that there is an epitaph in St. Patrick's‡ cathedral, that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say

* Three letters, recommending Mrs. Barber, (the wife of a tradesman in Ireland who had failed,) to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her majesty, (see p. 61.) The dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the Countess of Suffolk, July 24, 1731, to which this is an answer. N.

† Mrs. Haywood, a well known writer of scandal in novels. H.

‡ On the Duke of Schomberg. H.

what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, yet you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed Captain Gulliver. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for, I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in *my own Character*?* or am I to follow my own inclination, and continue very truly and very much

Your humble servant,

H. SUFFOLK.

* See the "Character of Mrs. Howard," written in 1727, in Vol. XIV. N.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN.*

SIR, *Sept. or Oct.* 1732.

I RECEIVED your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time, not only to consider it maturely myself, but to show it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a

* Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an ancient and good family in Ireland, sent a present of a cask of Spanish Cassalia wine to the dean, also a green velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were enclosed, a paraphrase in Miltonic verse, on the seven penitential psalms of David, and several original pieces in verse and prose, particularly the Adventures of Eugenius; and an Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier to the Princess Sobieski, wherein he represents himself to have been a principal negotiator; it was written in the novel style, but a little heavily. His letter to the dean contained also remarks on the Beggar's Opera, in which he censures the taste of the people of England and Ireland; and concluded with paying the dean the compliment of entreating him to correct his writings. The dean receiving them about the time (1732) Mr. Pilkington was coming to London as chaplain to Alderman Barber; he put them into Mr. Pilkington's hands, to look over at his leisure; but quickly recalled them into his own custody. (See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. III. p. 168.) They were afterward in the possession of Deane Swift, Esq. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges. He was appointed by the Chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the Princess Sobieski, (grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, who raised the siege of Vienna) to whom he was married by proxy in Poland; who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the imperial court, made a prisoner in Tyrol, and closely confined in the castle of Inspruck for some time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to set her at liberty, and bring her safe to Rome, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant service he was made a Roman knight, an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman soon after went into the service of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier, or Sir Charles Wogan. N.

scholar, a man of genius and of honour. We guessed him to have been born in this country from some passages; but not from the style, which we were surprised to find so correct, in an exile, a soldier, and a native of Ireland. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your actions, with the addition of such a character as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the strings of the bag for five days after I received it; concluding it must come from some Irish friar in Spain, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a history, a dedication, a poetical translation of the penitential psalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms, you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the

ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the Irish natives,; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very Grecians are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert, that from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humour, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in England. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests, and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhymes, and that upon trifles; never having written serious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections where I find any thing that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friends in distress. Dublin booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily,

that few or none make it turn to account. In London it is otherwise; but even there the authors must be in vogue, or, if not known, be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the public, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When Milton first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this summer into England to see my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that case I could have managed this affair myself, and would have readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And in such a case, I would have writ a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satire, both in prose and verse, if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion has been an absolute bar to my rising in the world; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some

partiality for such kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in some time of your life, you turned to the rallying part; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime; and therefore I find you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the Beggar's Opera, in the persons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very severe satire upon the most pernicious villanies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarrelling with the sentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myself, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the gravest among us; and yet his satires have many mixtures of sharp raillery. At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the Dunciad; and to haul those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thompson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons: yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance: *Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:* and yours on the seven psalms, &c. have some advantages that way.

You see Pope, Gay, and I, use all our endeavours to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no ene-

mies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry to prevent, if possible, the evils that have overrun the nation, and my foolish zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched island. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important article;* yet even there I lost all hope of favour from those in power here, and disobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the Drapier in this city, beside those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have abv e written has long lain by me, that I might consider farther: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a lawsuit of ten years standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two-thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not, therefore, tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the distinction you please to show me, desire to be always thought, with great truth, and a most particular esteem, sir,

Your most obedient
and obliged servant,
J. SWIFT.

* Against Wood's copper halfpence. F.

We have sometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library; they are small, consequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me.

Dr. Young's Satires.
Mr. Gay's works.
Mr. Pope's works.
Pope's Dunciad.
Gay's Fables.
Art of Politics, and some other trifles in verse, &c.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the policy of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known: for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and

besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no farther. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements, and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire, proposed by two of our friends; but, beside the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying, That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am sure, your grace is not; no, not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is farther confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more, for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to merit but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold

the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain,

Your grace's, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *October* 26, 1731.

Your ladyship's last letter made me a little grave, and in going to answer it, I was in danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean my left elbow) to consider what I should write: which posture I never used except when I was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state; where I am to consider what is to be said. But as I write to a person whom I esteem, I am in no pain at all.

It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope, to give thanks to either of you for justifying me about those letters sent to the queen, because to think me guilty would

disgrace your understandings; and as he is my best friend, so your ladyship owes me no malice, except that of raillery; and good raillery is always sincere. And if her majesty were deceived, it would lessen my opinion of her judgment; which would no otherwise affect me, than by making me sorry upon her own account. But what your ladyship would have me discover, through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral. I shall not trouble you with a long story: but if ever a numerous venerable body of dignified clergymen had reason to complain of the highest repeated indignity, in return of the greatest honour offered by them, to persons they were wholly strangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I, who proposed the matter to them: which, however, I could have done by my own authority, but rather chose it should be the work of us all. And I will confess it was upon their advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them; and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out; declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family, deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of any thing that relates to this kingdom. The Drapier, whom you mention, could not do it in relation to the halfpence. Neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be just now in so miserable condition in every article of distress. Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds? But here I wish your ladyship would put the queen in mind of what passed between her majesty and me, upon the subject of Ireland, when she was Princess of Wales, and appeared so much to pity this distressed kingdom,

and gave me leave to write to her if ever I should live to see her queen; that she would answer my letter, and promised, that in such a case she would use all her credit to relieve it. Whereupon I desired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was present, to be witness of what she said; and her majesty confirmed it. I will not ask what the event has been. If any state scribble writ here should happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyship would continue to do me the justice of believing my innocence, because I lately assured the Duke of Dorset that I would never have a hand in any such thing. But I gave him my reason before his secretary; that looking upon this kingdom's condition as absolutely desperate, I would not prescribe a dose to the dead. Some parts of your letter I do not understand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delany, who is now in London, and whom I once presented to you at Marble-hill. She seems to be a woman of piety and genius; and though I never visited her in my life, yet was I disposed to do her good offices on the doctor's account, and her own good character. By Lady M—— I cannot guess whom you mean. Mrs. Haywood I have heard of as a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman, but have not seen any of her productions. And now, madam, I utterly acquit your ladyship of all things that may concern me, except your good opinion, and that very little share I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem; but how you act as a friend, is out of my way to judge. As to the queen, whom I never offended, since it would be presumption in me to imagine I ever came voluntarily into her thoughts, so it must be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her presence, it is usually to my disadvantage. I remember to have once told her majesty, how hard a thing it was, that when a prince, or great

minister, had once received an ill impression of any person, although from the most false information, although the prince were demonstrably convinced of the person's innocence, yet the impression still continued; and her majesty condemned the severity of such a proceeding. I had said the same thing before to Sir R. Walpole; who, upon reporting it to others, was pleased to give it a turn that I did not deserve. I remember the plaid, but I forgot the crown, and the meaning of it. If you had thought fit to have sent me as much of the plaid as would have made me a morning cap, before it fell to the share of the lowest of your women, I should have been proud that my head should have worn your livery. But if you are weary of your character, it must lie upon my hands, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyship will not allow it to be a character, I am sure it may pass for a prediction. If you should put the same fancy into the queen's head, I must send her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwise she will not be able to wrap the bundle in it. I fear so long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive; but your ladyship is sure to be easy till Mr. Pope shall tell me that you are content to receive another. I should be heartily sorry if your increase in honour and employment has not been accompanied with increase of health. Let Mr. Pope, in all his letters, give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the least motive to pity you. For as a courtier, I forgive your *ame endurcie;* which I once charged on my Lord Chesterfield, and he did not dislike it. And you have not a favourite or flatterer, who makes more outward offers of wishes for your ease and happiness, than I do prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed

entirely from that respect and esteem, wherewith I am, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient
humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome.

So much for your *topscript*, not *postscript;* and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a handgallop in the country, six or seven miles with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to show their art; or that think a postillion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your presbyterian housekeeper,* can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a

* Mrs. Brent, widow of a printer in Dublin, with whom the dean lodged when a young man. F.

very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupets would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birthday was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess being dressed in your manufacture;* if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in England again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer, or winter, St. James's square, or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes; be it Dean of St. Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician drapier. But my choice should be "the Parson in Lady Betty's chamber."† Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige

Your ever sincere hearty old friend,
LADY BETTY.

* The duchess also appeared at the castle in Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his majesty's birth day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant. H.

† See the verses in vol. x. N.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.*

For about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley, and at Twickenham; and I really think, at every one of my homes, you have as good a pretension as myself; for I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the lawsuit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you deciphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury; where I am at present; you may do the same at Dawley; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But, if you rather choose to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over against Ham Walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you; and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell Sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

* Endorsed, "No date, received Nov. 8, 1731." H.

THE DUKE.

Mr. Gay tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes has been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps toward bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court, and have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds.
*Sive hig fig gnipite gnaros.**

* This is another hand; possibly Sir W. Wyndham's. N.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.*

SIR, *November* 9, 1731.

I HAVE been much surprised at your long silence, and perhaps you have been affected in the same manner at mine. But as I hope always to preserve the friendship we have began, I must acquaint you with the reasons of my conduct.

I have the misfortune to live in a scene of great hurry; and, between attending those in high stations who honour me with their friendship, and discharging the duties of my profession, I have scarce a moment disengaged; yet I constantly desired my friend Faulkner to write to you in my name, because I imagined it would save postage; and I thought it unreasonable to trouble you with my letters, when I had no very urgent business to write to you upon, and had too many obligations to you to think of adding to your expense. But I cannot imagine what you can plead in your excuse, for your neglect of writing to me, who am desirous to continue a constant correspondence: I shall be glad to hear you justify yourself.

Yesterday I saw a letter of yours to Mr. Faulkner, and on so distressful a subject, that I very sensibly shared in your affliction.† I am naturally apt to pity the woes of my fellow creatures, but the wounds of my friend are my own. Here my office ought to be to administer comfort to you in so great a calamity; but, I know how

* This letter, and a few which follow it, place the character and situation of Mr. Pilkington in a new point of view, and contain some particulars of the dean's literary history that are far from being uninteresting. The learned printer, to whom they are addressed, was born Dec. 17, 1699; and died Nov. 8, 1777. N.

† The death of Mrs. Bowyer, which happened Oct. 17, 1731. N.

much easier it is to preach patience and resignation than to practise either. The strongest reason acts but feebly upon the heart that is loaded with grief, nor is the highest eloquence powerful enough to heal a wounded spirit; time, and a firm trust in a Divine Providence, which undoubtedly orders all things for the best, are the only ministers of comfort in our misfortunes; and I hope your own virtue will enable you to bear this affliction with the resolution of a christian, though joined with all the tenderness of a friend, and the fondest esteem for the memory of that relation you have lost.

I desired Mr. Faulkner, about six weeks ago, to return you my thanks for your kindness in procuring me the books from Mr. Giles's, which I received safe, and also the box of those writings of mine. And I am extremely grieved to find that Faulkner neglected mentioning either. I had not known it only for your postscript, wherein you desire to know whether I received them. I would have wrote to you before this, if I had not believed that your charge was paid; for Dr. Delany is, I believe, by this time, in London; and he wrote to me from Bath for directions where to find you in London, that he might pay off his bill, and return you his thanks for your kindness to us. Let me beg the favour of you to acquaint Mr. Giles with this, because I would not, for any consideration, seem to forget my creditors, though in another country. If Dr. Delany be not come to you, I desire you will inquire out his lodgings; and I believe you may be informed either at Lord Bolingbroke's, or Mr. Percival's in Conduit-street. Tell him your name whenever you go to wait upon him; and I assure you the doctor will be extremely friendly to you, and glad to see you, for I have often talked to him of you.

I received ninety-four books* from you, but I believe you must commit them to the charge of Mr. Faulkner; because I have no opportunity of selling, but bestowing them; for when any of my friends are desirous to have one, and ask me where they are to be had, I am always too generous or too bashful (which is a great rarity among us Irish) to accept of payment for them; and by this means I shall be under the necessity of giving all away, which would be too expensive an article to me. Now what I think would answer, would be, to send what I have not bestowed to Mr. Faulkner, and let him publish in his newspaper, that he has imported some of those books, and let him be accountable to you for the sale. I wrote to you for thirty, which I expected to give away; and I believe I have distributed so many. When I receive your answer, I will give you a particular account, and remit you the money for them, the first opportunity. If I find Dr. Delany's lodgings out from any friends here, or from his letters to me, I will give you immediate notice. I should be glad to have any catalogues that were now selling in London; and if you could send any of them, or any other little pamphlets, they may be directed to the lord bishop of Killala, in Dublin, for me. I never received either the Monthly Chronicle for March, nor the Historia Literaria for ditto: I believe it miscarried, by being directed to Faulkner: they were not for Dr. Delany, but for another gentleman in town; but I had forgot, till the gentleman asked me for them the other day. I shall be glad to hear from you soon; and am your most sincere friend,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

* Mr. Pilkington's volume of Poems, printed by Mr. Bowyer in 1739. N.

There is one Green, a bookseller, lately come from London to this town, who has imported a very curious collection of books; but he has rated them so excessively dear, and seems to act so haughtily in the sale of them, that I believe above three-fourths of them will be sent back to-morrow to England again. I made the Dean of St. Patrick's go with me there the first morning; but all the books were too dear for either of us.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

December 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with us, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependent. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses: the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be repre-

sented by the duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he has five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verseman can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are, Lord Bolingbroke 500*l.* Mr. Pelham 500*l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngest son 500*l.* Gen. Hill 500*l.* Lord Masham's son 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together; though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady —— took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness, perhaps, is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman here, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like a king Lear with fifty knights. Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord Bolingbroke's, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries (for countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it.* I am happy whenever you join our names to-

* The characteristic poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. N.

gether: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing,* you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have now quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and such as it is, I would not repine at it.

All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

* This was said whilst he was employed on the Essay on Man, not yet published, 1731. Dr. Warton.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

It is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, for else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans conséquence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos'* account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Biddy's† speech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every

* There is no doubt but Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos. H.

† Biddy Floyd. H.

winter is kept still per force, for she commonly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly* was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux show their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.†

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: and that yours may not be in danger by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

E. GERMAIN.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 18, 1731-2.

It is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours again to try to find Lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give

* Daughter of Dennis Kelley, Esq. a gentleman of very good estate in Ireland, who was committed to the tower of London in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender; but nothing could be proved against him. F.

† This lady died of a consumption, a few years after in London. N.

you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about He designs to see him to-morrow ; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour ; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should.

The letter which you writ to me and the duke, I received ; and Mr. Pope showed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I choose to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I choose to leave it where it is till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower ; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprise. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, *Feb.* 5, 1731-2.

I FIND you are resolved to lay me under so many obligations to you, that, upon principles of gratitude, I must be always desirous to promote your interest to the utmost of my power. I think you have nothing more left to do, but to make the experiment, by putting it in my way to return your favours. I sent sixty-five books to Mr. Faulkner's, and hope some time or other to have it in my power to make acknowledgments. I find Mr. Faulkner sent you a little pamphlet of my writing, called, An Infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of this Nation. I have the honour to see it mistaken for the dean's, both in Dublin and in your part of the world; but I am still diffident of it, whether it will merit esteem or contempt. It was a sudden whim, and I was tempted to send it into the world by the approbation which the dean (my wisest and best friend) expressed, when he read it: if you were concerned in the printing of it, I hope you will be no sufferer. I am very much obliged to you for receiving the young printer, whom I recommended to you, in so friendly a manner; if I can, on this side of the water, be serviceable to any friend of yours, command me.

I am much pleased to hear of your acquaintance with Dr. Delany, who is the best of friends; and I do not doubt but your affection for him will increase with your intimacy with him. I desire you to present my service to him, and tell him that the dean designs to trouble him to buy a convenient microscope, that he may find out both myself and my house with greater ease than he can at present, because we are both so excessively small, that he can scarce discover either. I hope to hear soon

from you, although it be parliament time, and you hurried with business; and shall always be your sincere friend and servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

TO THE REV. MR. WINDAR.

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 19, 1731-2.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you, or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power; for I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as every body knows, but likewise of every person, both in England and Ireland, who are well with the court, or can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church; so that he is still my curate, and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town, who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you or your son were in favour with any bishop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or soli-

cited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except showing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of myself out of old friendship; from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth is now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk; and believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant, &c.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answer does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as for example, I would fain believe you

are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet I turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a lawsuit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow feeling with my lord lieutenant* of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who has lied so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope,† which I desire may be at my expense. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferrers' memorandum head, that I might know whether it was "at the time of gooseberries."‡

* The Duke of Dorset.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, while her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church, under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inscription:

"Underneath lieth the body of the Lady Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Berkeley. She died September the 3d, 1699." F.

‡ In the petition of Frances Harris to the lords justices, upon losing her purse, printed in the tenth volume of this collection, there are these verses:

"Yes, says the steward, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
"Such a thing as this happened just about the time of gooseberries."

This steward was Mr. Ferrers; and Dame Wadgar was the old dea

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we would not use her so in England. If my duchess* sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly: for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

FROM SIR CHARLES WOGAN.†

I HAVE the honour of a very obliging letter, from a person whose penetration I flattered myself I could have escaped; although I might assure him with great sincerity, that I never had a more earnest desire for any man's acquaintance and friendship than for his. Upon the

housekeeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the lords justices of Ireland. H.

* The Duchess of Dorset. H.

† This tract, written in the epistolary style, was addressed to Dr. Swift by its author, Sir Charles Wogan, a gentleman at that time of high reputation, and much distinguished at most of the courts of Europe. He was of an ancient Irish family, and nephew to the famous Duke of Tyrconnel; who was first minister to King James II. and commander in chief of his forces, during his residence in Ireland. Of course he was bred up in all the principles of jacobitism, and being also a Roman catholic, was tinctured with all the bigotry of the times. He followed his unfortunate master into exile, where he continued to serve him with a zeal worthy of a better cause. See an account of him at the end of September, 1732, where the dean's letter here alluded to is printed; and a second letter from Sir Charles Wogan, in Vol. xix. dated in June, 1735. N.

late occasion, it is true, my design was to have travelled and been received *incognito*. I had taken my measures for it in the best manner I could devise. But all my art and travestie was vain. His Mentor was superior to my Uranius, who could not avoid being discovered, as in the story of Telemachus, and striking sail to a more exalted divinity. I own I was somewhat concerned at my being seen in my undress, through all the magnificence of those disguises I had put on. But Mentor has so much the air of a benign and friendly spirit, that my confusion was soon over: and methinks I could be exposed in the midst of all my defects, without any concern, provided it were only to those whom he judges worthy of his intimacy.

Nothing can be more distinguishing, in regard of an unhappy people, than his character of those abroad; nor more just than his remarks upon the genius and sufferings of those at home. But *jacta est alea:* the set of people he means, can no longer be looked upon as a nation, either in or out of their country. Those who have chosen a voluntary exile, to get rid of oppression, have given themselves up, with great gayety of spirit, to the slaughter, in foreign and ungrateful service, to the number of above 120,000 men, within these forty years. The rest, who have been content to stay at home, are reduced to the wretched condition of the Spartan helots. They are under a double slavery. They serve their inhuman lordlines, who are the more severe upon them, because they dare not yet look upon the country as their own; while all together are under the supercilious dominion and jealousy of another overruling power.

To return to our exiles. Mentor certainly does them that justice which cannot be denied them by any of those nations among whom they have served; but it is seldom or ever allowed them by those who can write or speak

English correctly. They have shown a great deal of gallantry in the defence of foreign states and princes, with very little advantage to themselves, but that of being free; and without half the outward marks of distinction they deserved. These southern governments are very slow in advancing foreigners to considerable or gainful preferments. Their chief attention is reserved for their own subjects, to make them some amends for the heavy yoke they have laid over them. The only fruit the Irish have reaped by their valour is their extinction; and that general fame, which they have lost themselves, to acquire for their country, already lost, with respect to them. They had the honour of Ireland at heart; while those who actually possessed their country, were little affected with any other glory than that of England; which they advanced with great bravery during all the late wars. They were content to forget they were Irishmen; and England, in return for that compliment, has graciously conferred upon them, as she still does, the first employments both at sea and land; whereby they have been enabled to leave very comfortable establishments to their children: whereas the Irish exiles can only be said to have buried the synagogue with honour. They were undoubtedly the flower of the catholic distinction of subjects. They are extinct to a very inconsiderable number, and have not left one single settlement in all the continent to any of their posterity. They had always the post of honour allowed them, where it was mixed with danger; and lived in perpetual fire, which was all they could bequeath as an inheritance to their issue, who are extremely few, on account of the little encouragement given for begetting them. The very scum of French refugees have had much better treatment and fortune in those countries, where they were only a charge to the government, than the Irish

nobility and gentry have met with, where their courage and fidelity were in a great measure its support. Had it not been much better for them to have gone in search of new establishments out of the known world, and made some settlement for themselves and their posterity in the antipodes?

As I was but a new comer among them, I have often blamed their men of chief distinction and sense, for having rejected the terms offered by the Prince of Orange to my uncle Tyrconnel, in favour of the Irish catholics in general, before the decisive battle of Aghrim; which (by the by) till the sudden fall of their general, was fought with more bravery on their side, than any battle has been, perhaps for some centuries past, by any people under equal disadvantages. The prince was touched with the fate of a gallant nation, that had made itself a victim to French promises, and ran headlong to its ruin for the only purpose, in fact, of advancing the French conquests in the Netherlands, under the favour of that hopeless diversion in Ireland, which gave work enough to 40,000 of the best troops of the grand alliance of Augsbourgh. He longed to find himself at the head of the confederate army with so strong a reinforcement. In this anxiety he offered the Irish catholics the free exercise of their religion; half the churches of the kingdom; half the employments, civil and military too, if they pleased, and even the moiety of their ancient properties. These proposals, though they were to have had an English act of parliament for their sanction, were refused with universal contempt. Yet the exiles, in the midst of their hard usage abroad, could not be brought to repent of their obstinacy. Whenever I pressed them upon the matter, their answer was generally to this purpose: "If England can break her public faith, in regard of the wretched articles of Limerick, by keeping

up a perpetual terror and persecution over that parcel of miserable, unarmed peasantry, and dastard gentry we have left at home, without any other apology or pretence for it, but her wanton fears and jealousies, what could have been expected by the men of true vigour and spirit, if they had remained in their country, but a cruel war, under greater disadvantages, or such a universal massacre as our fathers have often been threatened with by the confederate rebels of Great Britain?"—*Ad quod non fuit responsum.* Yet their liberty and glory abroad is but the price of their blood: and, even at that expense, they have only purchased a more honourable *haseldama.**

It was impossible for a people to thrive, after having been driven by their too warrantable distrust of their enemies, into the snares laid for them by their false friends. France, upon their arrival, gave them a cruel reform of their officers and of their pay for a welcome, by a scandalous breach of faith; sacrificed them to her wars; made their zeal and spirit the dupes of her idle pretences; and, at last, inhumanly disbanded great numbers of them to the wide world, after the peace of Ryswick. Had they been kept together in one body from the beginning, to the number of 30,000 men, according to the promise that tempted them partly to quit their country, they had made a much better figure in the world. Richelieu's politics were against it. He was a great master, particularly in the judgment he had formed of the valour of his countrymen; since he has left it on record, that bodies of foreign troops must be mixed with French, in order to give them emulation. Upon this account the Irish were parcelled by brigades among the many armies entertained by the French king. Al-

* Field of blood. N.

though this repartition was very mortifying to them, they ever behaved in their several bands apart with particular distinction. They never found themselves in any engagement, where they did not pierce the opposite enemy. Not one regiment of them ever fled, till it was in a manner left alone; and during all the late wars, in which their principals were generally worsted, they cannot be said to have lost two pair of colours. The French never gained a victory, to which those handfuls of Irish were not known to have contributed in a singular manner; nor lost a battle, in which they did not preserve, or rather augment their reputation, by carrying off colours and standards from the victorious enemy. From this we may conclude, without any great vanity, that they had been an impenetrable phalanx, if they had been allowed to continue in one body; and that, instead of acquiring glory by retail, they had gained complete victories as one single brigade of them did at Mellazo, having driven the whole German army into the town or the sea, after they had been deserted by the Spanish troops and generals to a man. Yet their principal officers, who have signalized themselves equally upon all occasions, have been advanced to no higher preferment than that of lieutenant general; whereas Scots, Germans, Livonians, Italians, have been promoted to the dignity of maréchals of France. But as the valour of the Irish is already taken for granted abroad, and their zeal turned into a sort of ridicule, on account of the unprecedented usage it has met at home, it is modestly presumed all over the world, that they scarce need any reward for their virtue, but their virtue alone.

I have been at a loss for the cause of this odd destiny, that attends the Irish catholics in all foreign courts and countries. They are the first called upon for any service that requires fidelity and resolution; the last

distinguished with any eminent marks of honour or advantage. Let them behave ever so well, if it be thought fit to give them any recompense, it is always inferior to what might be judged sufficient for men of any other country in the like case. Whatever others might be entitled to grumble at as a reward, must be received by them as a gift. Whatever is taken from them either at home or abroad is lawful prize. Their zeal, in regard of loyalty and religion, has been so cruelly misrepresented, and their unparallel sufferings so involved in shades, or clad with an air of justice, that they are become a byword in all countries alike; which are perfectly agreed to keep them low, after the example of their own princes, upon a presumption that they could not have been used so extremely ill, if they had not in some measure deserved it. A long and perpetual train of misfortunes has a strange tendency toward putting a people in the wrong; or, at best, making them the objects of ridicule. The Irish, for having been steady to their principles, and not as cunning knaves as the two neighbouring nations, have groaned, during the two last centuries, under all the weight of injustice, calumny, and tyranny, of which there is no example, in equal circumstances, to be shown in any history of the universe. All this calumny has been sounded into the ears of all Europe by their enemies both foreign and domestic; and thereby gained credit, more or less, on account of not having been sufficiently controverted or refuted in time. Their constant misfortunes have given a sort of sanction to all this imposture and iniquity. They could not defend themselves, in the midst of so much division at home, from so many powerful and confederated enemies, who had alienated the hearts of their very sovereigns from them, in order to make him the first, and them the last victims of the tragedy. In the mean time they were involved

in too much war, or in too much misery, to be the relaters of their own story with any advantage; or found the English language as backward as the English nation and government, to do them common justice: Their enemies have spared them the labour with a vengeance.

The mongrel historians, of the birth of Ireland, from Stanihurst and Dr. King down to the most wretched scribbler, cannot afford them a good word, in order to curry favour with England. Our callow bards of the drama, with the same view, draw their first pens against their country, and force their way into the world through their mother's womb. The English writers take the hints from them with pleasure; and delight in gratifying the flattest nonsense, and most silly artifices, upon teigueism, to divert that honest generation of numskulls, the mobs of England, from the Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, in regard of improprieties in the turn of a foreign speech or accent, *totus mundus egit histrionem;* but the genuine characters of a nation ought to be as sacred even upon the stage, as in history. In the days of King Charles the Second, the Irish bravery and fidelity had the applause of whole theatres; but now nothing but Irish stupidity, and wretched small craft, will go down even upon that of Dublin.

As all the honour the protestant Irish have acquired by their pen or their swords, passes generally for English; so the English and their adherents in Ireland, have been in a long confederacy, before Clarendon appeared, to suppress or tarnish all the renown accruing to that unhappy country, from the worth and gallant actions of the catholics. Their pens are ever dipped in bitterness and detraction; as if whatever could be reckoned valuable in that unfortunate people, were a lessening to the honour of the English nation, to which

all their incense is addressed. However, though they have done horrible outrages to justice and veracity, by propagating lies, more or less, all over the world, they must be allowed to have acted with great sagacity, in favour of themselves. For if the Irish had not been represented with uncommon industry, and in full cry, as a barbarous and stupid people, breakers of public faith, cowards, murderers of the innocent, without any provocation, in every corner of their country; rebels to their lawful sovereigns, in whose defence they have ruined and annihilated themselves; all these attributes (except that of folly) had necessarily fallen to the share of England; and she must have been looked upon by the whole universe, as the most lawless and inhuman tyrant upon the face of the earth. Yet all this villany ought not, in strict justice, to be imputed to her. She had not gone all those lengths of cruelty and iniquity, if she had not been under the force of Cromwell, and the influence of a Clarendon.

In the mean time Ireland is left to trapes in her old draggle-tailed weeds, by her own children; bribed, by their attention and respect for England, to abandon her to all the dirt and barbarism laid at her door by her ancient and modern enemies; while other countries are brightening up in their story and character by the industry of their writers successively labouring to adorn them. The newest accounts given all over Europe, of the soil, genius, improvement and customs of Ireland, may be dated 400 years ago. She is still reckoned as savage as she was under the oppression of the Danes, or after the first incursion of the English, who drove her, in spite of her voluntary submission, into wildness. For, after all, if I invite people civilly into my house, and they will not admit me to sit at my own fire, but rather will grow insolent, and force my family to herd in the bare court

among my cattle, which I cannot reckon my own, but upon the foot of their will and pleasure, I must either quit my dwelling altogether, or lay about me like a madman till I can repossess it.

On account of this perpetual silence about Ireland, all Europe looks upon her as under a constant fog, the seat of dulness, and the dismal mansion of ignorance and distress. Scarce any people are taken for mere Irish, either in England or on the continent, but the vulgar of the country, and the few unfortunate exiles. The very distinction carries in the face of it a lessening, and strikes the fancy with the ungrateful idea of misery. Besides, the arms of whiggism are extremely long, and reach them to their remotest haunts. There are a thousand instances of this enchantment; and, notwithstanding the known ingratitude of France, some of the Irish had been maréchals of France before now: the whole voice of that nation was for them; but the fear of disobliging the present government of England, gave a check to their promotion. As for the new nobility and gentry of Ireland, they pass currently for English abroad, and Dublin, the fourth city of Christendom, is still taken for no more than the Eblana of Ptolemy.

Thus Ireland has not only lost all her ancient progeny of any distinction, and seen them buried under the ruins of calumny and distress, by the overbearing pride and power of those several swarms of inmates thrown in upon her, at several times, and supported by her masters of Great Britain; those very colonies are no sooner settled in that country, and warmed into affection for it, than they are taken for mere Irish too; and so must be driven off to make room for new ones. Yet all this is not enough. Ireland might still have some name in the world, if she were allowed what belongs to her: But she is stripped into the bargain of all the honour and

merit that might redound to her, either from the actions or geniuses of her latter offspring. The very name of Irish carries so uncouth an idea along with it, especially in England, that all those who depend chiefly upon her for their fortune, or their fame, are shy, at their first setting out, of making an open confession of their country, and suffer themselves to pass for English; while England permits the cheat to pass upon the rest of the world, and naturalizes them by a tacit consent; upon the modest presumption that wit and merit, such as theirs, can be only of her own growth. Thus England, without being at the pains of assuming it, is allowed a right to all those who have either written or fought in English, with any distinction, as Scotland impudently whips away from Ireland all her old saints and her sophists, on account of having shared with her the same name of Scotia. The Ushers, Boyles, Congreves, Garths, Denhams, Swifts, Ormonds, Cadogans, Aylmers, &c. are all taken for English in foreign countries. Mac Flecno, and all the wretched adepts in metaphysics, are counted Irish in course: We have but one Dunse of irrefragable fame, the father of Dunses by thousands all over Europe; and the Scots have kidnapped him from us, by the consent or connivance of all modern dictionaries, notwithstanding the number of sheriffs and sheriffs' bailiffs, of the same name, upon the records of our ancient city of Dublin. In short, what can Ireland have left her, but her bogs and her stupidity, since England and Scotland have swept away the stakes? If we must give up all our great men of war and figure to England, let her even show us the example, and resign to the Normans her Plantagenets, Talbots, and Nevills, conquerors of France.

However, we will not stick out in our controversy about these mighty men. They shall belong to England, since they have made her a present of their arms

and allegiance. But, in the name of wonder, let us have our men of parts and letters. Let not the English wits, and particularly my friend Mr. Pope (whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's coffee-house) run down a country, as the seat of dulness, to whose geniuses he owns himself so much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roscommon and Walsh, in the close of his excellent Essay upon Criticism? How gratefully does he express his thanks to Dr. Swift, Sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Congreve, and my poor friend and neighbour, Dr. Parnell, in the preface to his admirable translation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and lessons they administered to him, both in the opening, and the prosecution of that great undertaking? Is it possible that these heroes of wit and learning, whom he commemorates with so much applause, and of whom he glories in having been the pupil, could have been of the birth of Ireland? while England could only furnish him with titled pageants and names of quality, fitter to swell and encourage the subscription, than to polish or enrich the performance? But, granting they were Irishmen; that, it seems, is no manner of argument in favour of their country. Were not all those lights and lessons given by them to Mr. Pope, in the purer air of England? Was it not to that air alone they owed the refinement and elevation of their geniuses? Mr. Pope, though the best natured man living, to my knowledge, had laughed at them with great gaiety, had they pretended to forward any notices or instructions to him by letters written under their native fogs.

I remember to have been present at a scene humourous enough, upon this very subject, at Will's coffee-house. The sages there, in profound contemplation, were very gravely offering their several reasons, why

wit could not be of the growth of Ireland. Some would have it owing to the bogginess of the soil, which must undoubtedly and imperceptibly convey too much humidity to the brain; others to the perpetual cloudiness of the sky, that must, of all necessity, cast a dull influence, infusing melancholy, sloth, and heaviness to the understanding: many to the want of sunshine, so sovereign in invigorating and giving cheerfulness and alacrity to the spirits. Among such a number of shining geniuses, who brightened up under the continual mist over London, it was hard to end the dispute about the cause, while all was agreed about the fact. At length the wag, Bob Dodwell (who had a little before forced a company of foot from Lord Peterborow, as a sort of amends for a severe joke upon his country,) rose up with a very demure countenance, as demanding audience of the very oaf-full assembly; which being granted———

"My lords and gentlemen," says he, "it is a very moot point to which of those causes we may ascribe the universal dulness of the Irish. It may be owing, perhaps, to some one; perhaps to the combination of all together: God only knows, who was pleased to order it so from the beginning. But that the case is, as you agree it in your great wisdom, I shall offer a familiar and unanswerable proof. My father had studied with great applause in Oxford (for had he studied in Dublin, where he was born, he had made but a very slender progress in learning, as you shall find by the sequel.) In short he was allowed, in that famous university, to be both an excellent divine, and a most eloquent preacher. From thence he removed to Dublin; where, on account of the reputation he had justly acquired abroad, he was instantly preferred to the parish of St. Mican's. Great was the concourse to hear him; but much greater the surprise to find how little his sermons answered the

character the world had given of him. This could not miss being whispered to him: he made several efforts, in vain, to regain his credit: his sermons were still worse and worse liked; at length his church was almost forsaken, and he left to hold forth to very few but the old women.

"The man was at his wit's end to find the cause of this unaccountable change in him: at last he wisely judged it must be owing to the climate in which he writ; and to make proof of it, set out one Monday morning in the packet-boat for Holyhead; there composed his sermon for next Sunday; and returning to Dublin on the eve, after having begged of some friends, out of mere charity, to assist at it, preached divinely well, to the utter astonishment of his auditory, charmed at the excellency of his performance. This miracle rung immediately over the whole city; and he, making use of the same happy stratagem every week, of composing at Holyhead what he was to deliver from the pulpit in Dublin, the doctor's name was up: all Dublin thronged to hear him; and persons of the best distinction resorted thither from all parts of the kingdom to see this second Livy.

"However, as the devil owed the doctor a spite, it chanced unfortunately for him, that he was obliged, for some slight indispositions, to take physic two or three several times on the very days the packet-boat set out; and being thereby under the unhappy necessity of penning his sermons for the week in Dublin, his auditory were astonished, on those occasions, to find them good for nothing. By these ups and downs of the doctor the mystery at length came out; and whenever the packet-boat sailed for Holyhead, the common question, over the whole city, was, whether the doctor had gone on board? If the answer was in the affirmative, there

was an universal joy throughout; all were sure of being charmed the next Sunday. If in the negative, the poor doctor was left, on that day, to preach to the bare walls."

While Bob held forth in this manner, with a very grave phiz, that covered a wicked undersneer, very natural to him, the scene (I must own) was admirable, in regard to the auditory; and could give a by-stander room to form a certain judgment of the weight of brains that came to the share of every one of them. Upon the opening of the discourse, all ears were alert: it was a solemn silence and profound attention! for when that demogorgon, Ireland, is to be run down, it is wonderful how almost every English heart bounds for joy. Before Bob had brought his father back from Holyhead the first time, some had sense enough to see the ridicule levelled at themselves, and sneaked off. Others were so numskull'd as to wait for the sermon composed in Anglesey, and delivered with applause at St. Mican's, whereat a sudden light broke in upon their noddles; they could stand the joke no longer, and slunk away too. But when it came to the unhappy consequences of the doctor's taking physic, the whole shoal of virtuosoes were sensible to the stroke, and voided the room at once, except one blue, one green ribbon, and a lieutenant-general of the queen's army, that had courage and insipidity enough to hear the poor doctor preach to the bare walls. Then the cloud that had hung so long and so obstinately over their intellectuals, disappeared. However, they were too stout to quit the field as their betters had done, and so contented themselves with casting sheep's eyes and silly leers at each other, while Bob and I enjoyed their stupidity.

This received notion of dulness in the Irish, has not taken its rise from the mob, though they gladly join in

the cry. The English populace, the bluntest and most unenlightened race of people in Europe, are incapable of making so nice a discovery. They can readily imagine that the Irish have horns and hoofs: and it has been found easy and of excellent use in politics, not very long ago, to persuade them that every Irishman was somewhat more than of Venner's gang; since, instead of only chasing, he was to have slain his thousands. What affects the English mob, with regard to Irishmen, is terror. Our English ancestors, despatched into Ireland, and their descendants, have taken effectual care to fasten this bugbear upon their mother country, and represent the Irish as monsters and cannibals, in order to justify their own more barbarous oppressions upon that people. These dreadful ideas have left so strong an impression, that even at this day, when the nations are more mixed than they have been formerly, an Irishman is looked upon by the vulgar in England, remote from great towns, as a rawhead and bloody-bones! It is therefore that the rumour spread of an Irish massacre had been found, of all stratagems, the most effectual toward promoting any change of government in England, by the extreme facility of raising a fright in the good people there, whenever the Trojan horse is supposed to be filled with Irishmen. This may suffice to excuse that honest generation of mortals (for whom I have a great regard, as I have a real concern for all men that are easily thrown into a panic fear) from having had any hand in introducing the opinion of Irish dulness. That grand arcanum could be discovered only by the sublimer geniuses of England.

However, this opinion, foolishly attributed to the climate, has some truth in it, with regard to those remnants of old nobility and gentry, who have been stripped by the iniquity of Cromwell, and the greater one of Clarem-

don, of all they had a title to, except the blood and spirit of their ancestors. These are a severe and a very inconvenient burden to them at home, where they are obliged to keep them under hatches in the neighbourhood of barracks, and of more tyrannical justices of peace. There are in Ireland a thousand well-born Brutuses of this kind, whose souls are stupified by the perpetual dread of persecution, and dare not peep out of their bodies, lest they should fall under the lash of the penal laws. But snatch these potatoe mongers from their immediate slavery, or from the ploughshares to which their fathers have been reduced, into an air of liberty and politeness; transplant them but for one month into the hotbeds of London, how sudden is the change! how surprising the improvement! The booby instantly commences beau, bully, sharper, and cuckold-maker with a vengeance! he is *passe, presto, vite*, Jack of all trades; all fire, all mercury, in the turn of a hand! With what dexterity does he empty the pockets of that notable son of earth, the English squire, at seven or eleven? What a sturdy back is he to a bashful English peer? What an awe does his modest assurance create in all the assemblies of men? How do the London ladies fall into fits at his approach, alarmed at the sight of his broad shoulders, and engaging, though somewhat rough, addresses? But, to conclude this wonderful metamorphose of mere animals into smart and dexterous fellows, by the change of air, though it may go against one's stricter morals to justify their industry; it is hard to blame them for taking what reprisals they can upon the public in England, by way of revenge, or at least some amends for the irreparable wrongs and losses at home.

In the mean time, it is impossible for an upright and good natured spirit, not to look with concern upon the

inhuman slavery of the poor in Ireland. Since they have neither liberty nor schools allowed them; since their clergy, generally speaking, can have no learning but what they scramble for, through the extremeties of cold and hunger, in the dirt and egotism of foreign universities; since all together are under the perpetual dread of persecution, and have no security for the enjoyment of their lives or their religion, against the annual thunders of the English vatican, but the present moment: how can it be expected they should keep clear of superstition, which is so elegantly and so truly called by a modern author, the spleen of the soul? But that of my spirit is up, and I must out with it, after having asked pardon of my friend Mr. Pope, for having animadverted upon his jokes in the Dunciad, with regard to Ireland. Those railleries are so agreeable to the humour of the world in general, that, like favourite vices, they carry their excuse along with them.

"Heu patria! infidis nimium vicina Britannis;
Olim altrix divûm; soboli jam sæpe noverca
Dura tuæ, inque dies aliis data præda colonis.
Te, dum spernit, arat novus accola: mox ubi cultam
Diligit, illiciti pœnas luit exul amoris;
Aut sua colla jugo, demissis auribus, ultro
Aptat, inops animi, et jam non sua seminat arva.
Sic, uno excusso, te comprimit alter adulter
Nequior, et scortum infœlix post improba calcat
Oscula; seu Scotus ille rapax, seu Saxo superbus.
Quis Deus hisce favet stupris? tua deperit usque
Stirps antiqua; novis solum licet esse beatis:
Inque vicem sese tam dira examina pellunt
Certatim: tibi rara quies; tibi perfidus idem
Hostis et hospes inest. Qui dividit, imperat Anglus,
Immeritam in terris matrem te scilicet unam

Temnere fas, et amare nefas? Quis strenuus ausit
Consuluisse tibi, et non immemor esse parentis,
Semper in exitium præceps ruit. Imminet anglus,
Iratisque frui divis jubet; utque tumescit
Bile jecur, crudelis et implacabilis instat.
Religio dat opem sceleri; nec deficit atrox
Inter, quos invita paris, discordia fratres.
Tantis victa malis servit fortuna Medusæ
Angliæ; at horrificos angues quatit ista quotannis,
Ut libet esse truci; seu rumpere fœdera malit,
Seu fera bella ciet civilia; spargere pestes
Vafra, dies condit lætos; tibi turpis egestas,
Et metus et dolus, et malesuade peritia legum
Invigilant: at nec melior, neque fortior illa,
Ni divisa ruas; ni tu tibi sævior hostis.
Nec satis est in vota tuæ jurâsse tyrannæ,
Et coluisse novos renuenti poplite ritus,
Improba si miseram non rideat, atque catenes
Crimina ficta tuis et dedecus insuper addat
Historiis fallax mordacibus: inde per orbem
Justis victa diis, simul immiserabilis audis.
Dùm despecta jaces, Angli pueri atque puellæ
Illudent, impunè rudem, stolidamque notantes,
Et magis insulsi jocus es et fabula vulgi.
Undique te lacerent spinæ; rapit Anglia flores
Usque tuos: . . . .
. . . . Frustrà tibi lucet Apollo
Gratus, et æterno faverunt carmine Musæ:
Frustrà animos virtute tuos Mars impiger auxit:
Cedit in Angligenas decus et laus transfuga fures.
Nimirum quodcumque tui fecere nepotes
Fortiter, aut sacris moniti scripsere camænis,
Desinit esse tuum! nec gens inimica cachinnis
Parcit, dum tibi raptat opes; tua splendida mendax
Induit et falsis ovat insignita trophæis.

Proh scelus! Harpyæ manibus dum plaudit utrisqué,
Te nudam atque inopem totus te sibilat orbis!
Nempe nec è gnatis aderit, qui vindicet ultor
Exuvias? si nemo domi, nisi proditor, ausim
Ferre, parens, licet exul, opem. Sanxisse nefandam,
Aut siluisse nefas fraudem. Manet unicus heros.
Ictus amore tui miseræ (cognomen Achillei
Is, ποδας ωκυς, habet) nec tantis hostibus impar,
Sortis et invidiæ pergit tela aspera contra,
Et quatit indomitam, mediis in millibus, hastam.
Immemor ipse sui, spretæ memor usque parentis,
Hic tibi fidus adest—Hoc uno excepto, alienos
Quisque domi patitur manes; estque omnis Hibernus
Speve, metuve Anglus."

The remains of the Irish (*Reliquiæ Danaum atque immitis Achillei*) labour under another very great inconvenience. They are far from partaking of the indulgence, or rather privilege allowed to all other people, by an exemption from any general charge on account of personal defects or villanies. If one Irishman, of any distinction, be found a blockhead, a knave, a traitor, or coward, there arises a certain mirth upon the discovery, among strangers of all kinds, especially the English; as if they were glad to light upon an example in that nation, of what is a pretty general rule in most countries, at this time of day. But, where they dare joke upon it, the single blot is imputed, with great gayety, to that whole people. Thus all Ireland is made answerable for the faults of every one of her children; and every one of these bears the whole weight of his country upon his shoulders. This is the greatest of all compliments, if taken in a right light. It pre-supposes a certain infallibility annexed to the Irish alone, which makes the world enjoy any exception from it with so much plea-

sure. In this uncouth attitude the Irishman must, in his own defence, and that of his whole country, be braver, and more nice, in regard of his reputation, than it is necessary for any other man to be. All that he gets generally for his pains, is the character of having behaved as might be expected from an Irishman: yet, if there be any crime or mistake in his conduct, not only he, but his whole country is sure to pay for it. This, in strictness, regards only the Irishmen abroad; those at home may be Englishmen, and join in the banter, when they please.

All this is owing to the calumny dispersed, time out of mind, by the tongues and pens of the two neighbouring nations, in order to justify their own barbarous proceedings in regard of that unhappy people. But, not to mispend our time upon those wretched historians and geographers, who have continued so long to mislead the world in that respect, there has appeared, of late, a writer of importance, the malignity of whose aspersions upon the Irish, has spread itself, with an air, both at home and abroad. This is the famous Lord Clarendon, whose long legend is translated into French. He was the man generally employed by King Charles the First, in that ruinous paper war he unfortunately waged with his parliamentarians, who never entered into negotiation with him, but with a view of imposing upon the people, and procuring a respite for themselves, when they were inferior in the field. In this fatal medley of war and peace, both out of their proper season, the king was undone, as well as the church and monarchy, by the mixture of fear and corruption that reigned in Clarendon, and his fellows of the privy council. They engaged him to strip himself of his rights in favour of his rebels; and then took effectual care to alienate his mind from the most loyal subjects, especially the Irish, whom they represented as a parcel of inhuman, intractable, and

senseless brutes, in order to deter him from accepting all they were worth in men and money, to support his sinking cause. These notable counsellors, after having done all the vile work inspired to them by their cowardice, or their hollow intrigues with parliament, fled generally to it, and became its dupes at last. The king, robbed by their infusions of the assistance of his most gallant and loyal friends, both in England and Ireland, found himself obliged to fly to the Scots, who soon delivered him up to his mortal enemies.

Clarendon followed the fate of the royal son, and would not suffer him to transport himself into Ireland, at the instance of that English hero, Lord Digby, in order to vindicate his own cause, and that of his father, while he was yet alive. By his removal into France, that was then, and a long time before, in a tacit confederacy with the parliament, the father lost his life upon the scaffold; the loyalists, and especially the Irish, were devoted to destruction soon after, for having been willing to support the king, in spite of his council. They lost their lives, and all their lands at home, under the violence of a triumphant rebellion, when they had no prince to countenance or unite them. Numbers followed the royal exile; changed sides with him, as he was obliged to change protection with the contending powers of France and Spain; served him faithfully, and assisted him in his distress. But the Clarendons of the council had contrived matters so well, that the father king could not maintain his rights, because they would not let him trust his friends; nor the son ever be restored, but by the declared enemies and assassins of his father.

At the restoration, that ought to have settled the fundamentals both of church and state, upon a basis no more to be shaken by popular commotions, the joy was so universal throughout, upon the meeting of the king

and his people, that they unhappily passed their time in capping of courtesy and compliments with each other. The king would exact nothing from them with an air of resolution, out of pure modesty and grateful deference to his restorers. Though he was very hard put to it for the maintaining of his own family, and in no manner of condition to reward his fellow sufferers, he was advised, forsooth, only to recommend to his people, with great humility, what he should have demanded with authority for the redress of his and their former wrongs, and the farther security both of the temporal and spiritual establishment. The people, on the other hand, were grown so weary of their past servitude, and so charmed to see their lawful prince among them, that they waited only for his commands, to show their prompt obedience, and looked upon all his slight overtures, as things he had very little at heart.

In this giddy interval, the occasion of securing the rights both of church and state was lost: and the prime minister Clarendon, who was taken for the king's second self, profited by the mutual ecstacy of king and people, to advance the ends of his own avarice and ambition. While the prince, after so tedious an exile, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his present happiness, the subjects squared all the regulations of government, and the measures of justice, by the standard of Clarendon, whom they reckoned the faithful echo of their master's intentions. The plans of ecclesiastical and civil establishments were equally committed to his care; and he has left such a gangrene in both, as has since reached their very vitals. The church, it is true, was restored to her livings; but her pales were so ill fenced, that an inundation of all those sectaries, who had so lately borne her down to the ground, has forced its way into her very sanctuary; and while they graciously suffer her name

to subsist, appropriate to themselves all her riches and authority. Clarendon, in that happy conjuncture, might have gone the lengths of Laud and Strafford with success. But their undaunted zeal never could inhabit such a heart as his. They had rendered her one of the most firm and amiable societies in the universe, free from tyranny, inaccessible to heresy: whereas, in her present state, she is become the helpless victim of Clarendon's politics, and neither durst stand by her principles, nor assert her doctrine, while all her hierarchy is in heterodox hands. Whatever the appearances may be, she has, in fact, changed places with her adversary. Presbytery is become episcopal; and she is reduced, in regard of her authority and livings, to be only presbyterian; in short, she has taken a huge dose of laudanum; and is in no danger, though she have no pulse, because she has been forced to sleep extremely sound.

All this has befallen the church, as a necessary consequence of Clarendon's horrible prevarications and injustices with respect to the state. In all national churches, loyalty and religion are linked in a very close union, and tend naturally to the support of each other. Where the one is wounded in any essential part, the evil is taking, and the other suffers of course. Clarendon opened the administration of King Charles the Second with the most unexampled and impolitic scene, in regard of monarchy, that ever appeared in the world. The church and monarchy had been just rescued from the claws of a horrid rebellion. Those loyalists, whom neither the corruption of the former privy council, nor the terrors of the parliament, had withdrawn from their zeal for the royal cause, had been long groaning under cruel oppression or miserable exile. They had now reason to flatter themselves, not only with the repossession of their lands, but the reward of their sufferings and

services. But, though thousands of loyal families had been undone by the rebellion, Clarendon, by imposing on his master's indolence and facility, ordered matters so, that he was the only considerable gainer by the restoration, and made his fortune by perpetuating the distress and unaccountable hard fate of the cavaliers, after the return of their prince. Those men of quality alone, who had the king's immediate favour, or cunning enough to deal with the chancellor in his own way, were reinstated in their lands. The rest, and the far greater number, were left to the wide world, or the permission of sharping by a lottery, which unworthy resource was soon taken from them. The rebels and their issue, the spawn of fanaticism and rebellion, were continued in their ill-gotten possessions; and consequently, as they had art enough to dissemble their old religion and principles, were gayly admitted into the best preferments both in church and state, and lent a helping hand to all their brethren in iniquity, under the same mask. The abandoned cavaliers, and their disinherited offspring, must even make the best of a bad world; and since they were undone by loyalty, endeavour to repair their broken fortunes by faction, and lie in wait for an opportunity to be revenged of the royal family. This could not be long missing in a government, the majority of whose supporters were divided against it by their rotten and antimonarchical principles; and therefere it is observable, that the most strenuous opposers of the royal cause since the restoration, were, and still are, the descendants of those families that had behaved with the staunchest loyalty in the days of King Charles the First.

Thus the proceedings of Clarendon, upon the restoration, only laid in seed for a larger crop of rebellion. How could the church and monarchy thrive, by foster-

ing their covert foes in their very bosom, and obliging their only friends to become their inveterate enemies? No loyalty in the universe, but the Irish alone, could be proof against such usage. No church in christendom, not even the catholic, could stand firm and united, if sectaries of all the present denominations were admitted, upon the merit of one ceremony, or rather chosen to make up her hierarchy. And thus Clarendon, by his unjust and interested politics, has been the real father of whiggism, the second edition corrected and amended of the Roundheads, that has found the way to make an indisputable property of Ireland, and to turn the natural frame of the church and state of England *hors de page*, by the address of stepping into their places.

This may seem hard upon the memory of that gentleman; but, after the most impartial reflection, it will be found undoubted truth. The gallant Lord Digby opened the charge against him in parliament, the third year of his mal-administration, to no purpose. His ascendant was still too prevalent over the king and the English nation. Most of the rebellious members, who owed their all to him, were yet alive; and the universities had not yet had time to form the youth to the ancient principles of honour and integrity. At length the veil was drawn off, and the eyes of the whole nation opened upon the iniquity of Clarendon, during the most loyal and wise session of parliament that perhaps ever was seen in England. But it was too late. Foundations could not be removed then, without threatening the whole building once again. The only redress that could be found for such a heap of crying injustices, that are, and ever must be, in force, was the head of Clarendon, that contrived and established them: an admirable state-mender, who

had found no other expedient for the support of the monarchy, but that of putting loyalty to death!

He fled his country and his master, after he had done them all the mischief he could, because he durst not stand his trial. He vanished, and left a horrible stench behind him to this day. The few friends he had, upon his impeachment, could find no defence for him against the vile treachery of having kept correspondence with his master's enemies during his exile, and made a visit, incognito, to Cromwell, upon his return from his embassy in Spain. He had no pretence to secure him from the vengeance due to his former crimes, but that ample act of oblivion he had penned himself upon the restoration, and had made so vastly comprehensive, in order to find room in it for his own iniquity. But that *mare magnum* could not save him from the prodigious charge of having sold, not settled, the whole kingdom of Ireland afterward. His flight alone could rescue him from the wrath of the whole English nation against him, for his having doomed so many thousands of innocent, or rather of meriting people, to the utmost extremities of shame, cold and hunger, to serve the purposes of his own corruption, and make rebellion as lasting as the world.

Not all the mutual cruelty of the civil war; not the massacre acted in Ireland, first under the connivance of the roundhead justices at Clontarf, Ballock, &c.; next by the Scots in the island of Maggee, near Carrickfergus, and then by Sir Phelim O'Neil's brutal revenge in a part of the north, which was retaliated more than tenfold by Coote, Ireton, and Cromwell, over that whole kingdom, can equal the list of those loyal Irish families which have been rased out of the world in miserable infamy by the pen of Clarendon! The rump-parliament, and all its emissaries, were but transient plagues, that rioted for a while over the church, the state, and the

royal family of England. The hand of God soon overtook them. They died, and all their iniquities and abominations had died with them, had not the church, the state, and the royal family, found their bane perpetuated to immortality, by the single corruption of Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the lord high chancellor of England.

During his voluntary exile, Clarendon, to justify himself, and his amphibious companions of the former privy council, digested at Rouen that long and eloquent satire he had composed, for the most part, in the isle of Jersey, upon the king's father and all his friends, but especially the Irish; because they never can forgive who do the wrong. He has taken a vast deal of pains to blanch rebellion in all its promoters, and cast invidious colours upon the most eminent loyalists. He can scarce find a man of thorough worth and sense in the royal party in England, except Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the Lord Falkland. No Irishman has the honour of his approbation, but Daniel O'Neil and Colonel Wogan. However, though he allows the former more sense than came to the share of all his countrymen together, he vitiates that sense with a mixture of too much cunning, whereby he mounted to the sublime post of groom of the bedchamber, which, in his opinion, ought to be inaccessible to an Irishman. As for Colonel Wogan, he is so much in love with him, that he sinks the mention of his country; and though he executed his purpose with wonderful courage and dexterity, he looks upon him as a little out of his senses, because he was extremely loyal and brave. He omits, however, giving him the honour of having saved the king's life at the battle, or rather flight, of Worcester, by the desperate stand he made at the head of 300 horse against Cromwell's whole army, in the suburbs of that town, till the

king and Colonel Careless were out of sight. How could the father king be maintained on his throne, or the son be restored to it by their friends, since, in the language of their dastard or corrupt counsellors, all that was brave was mad; and all that was thoroughly loyal and firm, savoured of popery? But as an instance of the unfair dealing of the English historians, the glory of the escape at Worcester has always been ascribed to their countryman Careless; as if it were more honourable to fly with the king, than to stop those that are in full chase after him. The rest of the Irish, according to Clarendon, were a horrid compound of stupidity and barbarism, except the Marquises of Ormond and Clanricard; who were still more cunning than Daniel O'Neil, and not half so mad as Wogan. Yet if the privy council of King Charles the First had been as wise, or as honest, as the supreme council of Kilkenny, he had never been engaged to divest himself of his own will and prerogative, till he was forced to maintain his cause with the wretched remains; he had never been sold by one people, or beheaded by another, who had nothing but treason in their hearts, and cant in their religion.

But, on the other hand, Clarendon so kindly recommends the persons, and mixes such shining colours in the talents and characters of the most notorious traitors, that one can hardly find in his heart to detest them for their villanies. The virtues of the bravest cavaliers are tarnished; and the vices of the blackest republicans brightened up in his hands. Milton engages our fancies, perhaps, too far in favour of the devils, by the lively and beautiful images he often mixes with their characters: but if he had dealt with the angels, as Clarendon has with the cavaliers, the devils had undoubtedly been the heroes of his poem. In short, he has left a legend to all posterity, the best lesson that has ever yet been given

to wicked subjects, and the most encouraging to dethrone or destroy their kings.

If justice had been done to that voluminous treatise, it should have had the same fate with the petition he left behind him in London, addressed to the house of lords, by way of justification, which was unanimously voted, by both houses, a malicious and scandalous paper, and a reproach to the justice of the nation.

But that posthumous work came out in excellent season for him. The church was wonderfully prevented for him, which made her overlook the mortal wound he has given her through the side of the state. The state was possessed by his grandchild. The witnesses against his falsehoods and calumnies were no more in being. That England, which had him in the greatest detestation in 1667, and for many years after, subsisted no longer. The lists, both ecclesiastical and civil, were thronged either with the unwary admirers of his style, or with those that owed their fortunes to his motley establishments. His perpetual running down of the Irish, was no small help toward gaining him a general benevolence among the English and Scots, whose rank treasons he had taken so much pains to soften, or to spare. His books had frontlets of scripture to recommend and sanctify all their venom. This is but the second part of the Spanish hypocrisy in America, while they murdered whole nations in cold blood, with their beads in their hands.

How could any better dealings be expected from a man who had resolved to make his fortune at any rate, nay, at the expense of his trust, honour, and loyalty when abroad; as most of his companions in the former privy council had done before him, to keep their estates at home? He had none to lose that could be as beneficial to him as his attendance on his exiled master. However, in order to bid fair for one, it is notorious,

that in the year 1657, when he found his master's affairs desperate, he made his peace and terms with Cromwell, by the meditation of Mr. Secretary Thurlo, whom he was afraid, on account of that confidence, not to protect after the restoration; and then, since he could not sell his master during his exile, he made himself more than amends after his return. He first sold one of his kingdoms, with all its loyal subjects (who had ruined themselves by their endeavours to serve and assist him, both in and out of their country,) to his known enemies: he then, by his base and faithless moderation, sold the church and state of England to their false friends: and, lastly, did worse, by the rotten foundations he laid, than Cromwell and all his accomplices could ever have compassed, since he sold the royal family of England to distress and exile for all eternity.

As I am under voluntary articles neither to conceal nor disguise any of my thoughts from Mentor, my spirit has been tempted to wander into this long dissertation, in order to give itself some ease, while it had the satisfaction of opening itself entirely to him. I am willing to flatter myself it has some sympathy with his, which I should be extremely sorry to shock, or even disoblige, by this frank confession of my sentiments. If I have incurred his displeasure, by any freedom of speech that may be offensive, or any notions that may be repugnant to his, I submit to his censure, and am willing to stand corrected. I do not pretend either to instruct his better genius, or to force my thoughts upon him. I am a fond admirer of that worth and generosity which has put a stop to his rising in the world. I have no personal enmity to any man living, nor any interest in view, that can interfere in the least with Mentor's.

It is true, I reckon Clarendon a more pernicious subject, and a worse man, than the brave and wicked

Cromwell. I take him to be the author of most irreparable mischiefs to the church, the state, and more especially to the people of England, whom his design to maintain in a perpetual superiority over their prince, has devoted to perpetual slavery. He for his own ends (as he fairly declared to the Earl of Southampton,) as well as in compliment to them, hindered the first parliament after the restoration to settle a constant and indefeasible revenue upon the crown; whereby it had been screened from factions, and the government from revolution, which must necessarily happen, where the prince must depend on the people for his yearly subsistence, and the maintenance of his own state and family. This was by no means the circumstance of the kings of England, till James the First had squandered away all the royal demesnes upon his hungry and insatiable countrymen; and so made his son a sacrifice, by forcing him to become a bull-beggar.

All the constitutions of our western world began by limited monarchies, after the fall of the Roman empire, as most adapted to the spirit and genius of our gothic ancestors. These limitations regarded the measures of peace, the means of war, and the regular administration of justice; but not the daily bread of the sovereigns, who had lands and immediate vassalages of their own, for the support of their estate and dignity. Our Norman monarchs were the only arbitrary ones in Europe, except those of Castile, who were complimented with absolute sway by the people, to enable them, without any delay or consultation, to issue their orders, and repress the sudden invasions of the Moors, whose neighbourhood was a perpetual alarm.

However, as the common people of England were generally villains or slaves to their lords, these lords became, by the importance of their vassalages, an heredi-

tary council of state, upon extraordinary occasions, when it was thought convenient to gain their assistance, by the compliment of asking their advice, or their concurrence in taxing their vassals for the public good. The weak princes of the Plantagenet family (which has produced the greatest in Europe) were strangely given over to favourites and minions; as weak princes generally are, because they have not their glory and real power so much at heart as their private satisfaction. The barons, as counsellors by their birth and fortune, were so disgusted at this humour, and at subsidies and other vexations that had their rise in the king's closet, and not in his council, that they made frequent confederacies of rebellion, on pretence of grievances; and as they were supported by the people, obtained great concessions in their favour from the crown. The kings found no way of supporting themselves against the barons, but by disengaging the people from them. This they effected by admitting them who had no manner of pretence to it before, to appear by their representatives in the great council of the nation, which obtained the name of parliament, whenever they had any occasion for subsidies against the barons, or the foreign enemies of the state. The people, in return of their liberalities, obtained frequent enlargements of their privileges. But the Plantagenets and Tudors had still an ample share of their absolute dominion left, and were greatly superior both to the people and the barons. They had it always in their power to divide and rule, because they had wherewithal, by their own demesnes, to maintain their state independent of them, except where the right of the crown was in dispute. They called parliaments when they listed, and dissolved them as freely; or browbeat them, when they had spirit, into what they pleased. Whether it regarded peace or war, church or state, their

will, in effect, was a law; and they had no need either of tricks or double dealings, or of upstart prime ministers. These they made use of to execute their orders, not to gain their points.

But, after King James the First had lavished the ample demesnes left him by Queen Elizabeth, the case was quite altered. His successor could neither maintain his authority over the people, nor in his own house, for want of means to support his dignity. He was reduced to a wretched dependency on his vassels, who never fail of becoming insolent where they know they are masters. As fast as he called them together, they began with complaints, though they never had less cause for them. He wanted subsidies, in fact, for the maintenance of his household, but made use of other pretences, after the example of his ancestors, who were under no such extremities at home. They immediately called for the previous redress of supposed grievances, and so he dissolved, and redissolved them, which was almost the only branch of power he had left him. Under these hardships he could hold out no longer; and, without debasing his majesty, could find no other resource for subsisting in independency, but that of reviving some rights and claims of his despotic ancestors, which were grown into disuse, because they had no need of them. All this came very short of his necessary expenses, and increased the ill humour of the people; who were growing extremely rich and luxuriant, on account of giving him nothing but extorted trifles. At length his wants obliged him to lay himself at the mercy of a saucy and inexorable house of commons, upon which he, his ministers, and his barons split at last. Surely, no prince ever found himself in so forlorn and deplorable a situation as his, from the first sitting of that parliament upon his majesty, till the last sitting upon his life.

He had been long borrowing from all the world, upon the credit of dead authority, in order to give bread to a household he could not pay. All his servants, from the secreteries of state down to the scullions of his kitchen, were in an interest contrary to that of his dignity, and could never hope either for their arrears or their current wages, but by his being well with a parliament that never intended to be well with him. His honour was concerned in supporting his rights: his necessity and conscience in making away with them by degrees, in hopes that his parliament might at length be engaged, by his condescensions, to allow him wherewithal to pay his debts, and defray his daily expenses. All those that served him, either in his council, or his house, or his parliament, had a personal interest in making him take this party; except those very few that were sacrificed for voting generously, and at their own cost, on the side of his honour. All the rest were bribed against his royal dignity, by their wants and their fears; and not only left him to be worried unmercifully by two nations, under the insolent pretences of loyalty and religion; but obliged him to waste part of his force, and all his indignation against a third, the only one that had real loyalty and religion enough to restore him.

The mettle and superior genius of Cromwell subdued faction and rebellion, by the very power they had put into their hands against the lawful sovereign. He supported his state, and terrified all Europe, as well as the three nations, by the grandeur of his courage, and the spirit of his army; which he made, in effect, his parliament. They paid themselves, and laughed at the constitution. Upon the return of King Charles the Second, the English nation, grown wise by a very dear-bought experience, had resolved, at their first meeting in parliament, to set the royal family in its ancient state of in-

dependency upon the people, except upon extraordinary occasions, by settling a perpetual revenue on the crown, and thereby securing it from the unavoidable danger and insolence of faction. Clarendon, as perfidious to his country as to his sovereign, has hindered this excellent purpose from taking effect, by his vile and interested infusions, and made himself a merit with the English nation, of what has left it a prey ever since to unavoidable discontents and convulsions. By this means, and the abrogation of the ancient tenures, the crown was abandoned to a more wretched necessity of begging annually, and condescending than before; and robbed of its old influence and authority over the people. Thus the kings of England were left in a worse state than the ancient kings of Sparta. Their cellars, their kitchens, and the wages of their footmen and grooms, depended upon the good graces of the house of commons: their inherent rights of making war and peace and alliances, or issuing *quo warrantoes*, &c. were but mere feathers, the sport of every wind that blew from the ephori of the people.

In this manner King Charles the Second, though the idol of England, was forced, by the malign ascendant of Clarendon, to become her wretched pensioner. King only (and a very limited king) of Scotland, and tyrant of Ireland, to no manner of purpose for himself, but to the exceeding joy of his own and his father's enemies; he led a life of continual struggle and uneasiness, from which he had no relief, but in turning rake, and drowning his royal spleen in all the common pleasures he could afford himself. To ward against those factions that arose naturally out of the triumph of the good old cause, and aimed at nothing less than his life and dignity, he found himself obliged to become a captain Tom too, to mix his majesty with the mob, and turn caballist and factioneer,

as well, and as knavishly, as the best of them. He must call parliaments as oft as his wants called upon him, not to advise him (according to their original institution) but merely to keep him from starving. At length he grew weary of acting a part so far beneath him: he plucked up his spirit, by calling to mind the power of his ancestors, cast his enemies into a panic fear, put presbytery to death, and died soon after he had made himself, in effect, king of England.

His successor, who had not the force of his genius, and had more religion than either he or Clarendon would have thought necessary, was soon outwitted and outdone by faction. He had been used to closetting, favourites, and intrigues, during his former life, in order to secure his rights against the inconvenience of that religion: and after he had mounted the throne with great acclamation, he misplaced his confidence upon those that grew too hard for him at his own weapons. As he had made himself pretty easy in his domestic circumstances, by making up a little demesne of forfeited estates, he was not so entirely at the devotion of his parliament as his predecessors had been; and so began to reassume the old prerogatives of the crown, without a sufficient fund of money, or friends, or art, to make them pass upon a people that had so long looked upon themselves as masters, with a great deal of reason. He did not sink under the mutual villany of privy council and parliament, like his father; his favourites in the privy council alone were more than enough for him. Deserted by two kingdoms, and attacked by a foreign power; since he was too good natured to allow any foreign power to support him, he had nothing left but the common people of Ireland, and those remnants of catholic nobility and gentry there, who had wrested their estates, by favour or interest at court, out of the intricacies of Clarendon's

act of settlement: for the infinitely greater number of Irish proprietors, though restored to their lands by the act of repeal, had been bred in so much distress and ignorance, that they could scarce be of any use to him. And so he was obliged to abandon that kingdom to its evil destiny, as the other two had abandoned him.

Now Clarendon's politics began to have their full effect. His posterity was seated on the throne. The republican tares had been sown so thick in the church and state of England, that they choked and overtopped the genuine grain. King James the Second had given a liberty of conscience in general. This, as it was shocking to the established church, was exchanged, by the prevalence of calvinistical and freethinking interlopers, for the softer title of toleration, which has been improved, by a very easy turn of legerdemain, into actual dominion. A great cry was kept up on all sides, about the dangers that threatened the church. The unthinking tories, or church of England men, joined in it along with the whigs, with a view of keeping out popery. The whigs heightened it at every turn, not to keep out popery, which they made use of as a bugbear, but to oblige the church to suppress her true doctrine and discipline, and let in presbytery. The tories were all along the dupes of this farce, and King William, with all his penetration, could not see through the whole plot, or did not go all the lengths he should to favour the whigs, and thereby secure his own independency on the people. He had a very uneasy time of it, while he laboured in vain to mix parties that never can incorporate. The whig will never become tory: the tory, generally speaking, is not so stubborn. It is true, he never will expose his life or his fortune, by rising to the sublime pitch of a cavalier, which renders any government secure against him. He may drink, and prate, and protest, to get a

name among the vulgar; but Clarendon's usage of the loyalists after the restoration, is a sufficient warning to him to keep his own house, and live within the verge of the laws in being. However, as he will not play the fool for church or state, he is extremely wise in regard of himself. Loyalty and religion hang loose enough about him, and he can turn whig without much difficulty, where he can find a considerable advantage in it. And thus King William, by endeavouring to jumble both parties together, became agreeable to neither; and had shared the same fate with his predecessor, if the war which England necessarily drew upon itself, and the absolute dominion he had over the Seven Provinces, had not kept him on the throne. For since the government of England has been reduced to a democracy by Clarendon, the whigs must reign alone, or it must be in perpetual convulsions.

That prince had not found out this grand arcanum, which has since been discovered, and put in practice with infallible success; and has rendered his successors, under an air of limitation, as absolute in fact as any of our ancient monarchs, or of the present kings of christendom. It is true, the tories had a lucid interval in the last years of Queen Anne; but it could not last, because they never can have spirit enough to play all their game, and fix their fortune. The whigs, that will ever despise them as a rope of sand, have still art and metal enough, though they be at the lowest ebb, to frighten, or make them fall together by the ears, and thereby make a jest of all their projects. While the crown has no demesnes, nor any settled revenue, the tories can never do its business with unanimity and success. The whigs, whose birthright is to make the people uneasy and mutinous, can never miss of breaking, or at least thwarting their measures, under colour of their concern for the

grievances and unsupportable taxes laid on the public. But let the prince put himself wholly under their protection, he is perfectly safe, in regard of the tories; and the whigs will easily find the method of paying him, and themselves into the bargain, at the expense of the people, and with the most careless contempt of their adversaries. A prime minister, under the inoffensive title of treasurer, or secretary; a privy council, under the title of parliament, the majority of which is gained over by his art or his largesses, and who, in return, secure the nation, with all its wealth, will, and power, in the most implicit obedience to him, and consequently to his master; does all the business of the crown to a wonder, and reduces the people, by their own consent, to as much slavery as is convenient for all the purposes of the prince.

Thus, in regard of the government, Clarendon's politics are entirely overset. He has ruined one royal family by leaving it at the mercy of the people; he has ruined the rights of the people, by leaving them at the mercy of another, that has been too cunning for him, and found the knack of keeping them, whom he proposed to leave masters for ever, under perpetual and unlimited subjection, by the help and corruption of their representatives, notwithstanding the addition of new and more irksome limitations of the crown. He had destroyed the cavaliers at the restoration; and has given the *coup de grace* to the tories at the revolution, which was a child of his own begetting upon the body of the former iniquity.

The world has never seen a frame of government so nicely fitted for all the purposes of the sovereign, as the present constitution of England. The king has not a foot of land; yet all Britain is his property in fact: he

is under the most unbecoming restrictions in the eyes of the people; however, he can be as despotic, when he thinks it necessary, as William the Conqueror; provided he save appearances, by letting old forms subsist in the administration, he can turn them to what use he thinks proper, and has no need of very great dexterity in the management. The people flatter themselves with a notion of being free, because they have an air of being represented, and yet it is that very representation makes hem slaves. They have no real liberty left, but that the press; which would soon grow contemptible in their own eyes, if the minister (against whom it is generally directed) had sense enough to despise it. The barons have no shadow of their old authority, only in the vain formality of entering their protests, by half dozens, against the votes of a vast and a sure majority, that speaks the sense of the minister, while it pretends to speak that of the nation. All this is a riddle, yet every cobbler in England can unfold it, to no manner of purpose for himself, or his country. The charm is irresistible; all the subjects are caught in the snare that Clarendon had laid for the sovereign.

In the mean time, the prince, vested by this magic in as much real state and power as the most arbitrary monarch in Europe, has other advantages which none of them can share with him. The interposition of his parliament screens him from all censure, as well as danger or want. Though he be an arrant knave in his dealings with his people, or a notorious trickster, and breaker of public faith, in regard of his foreign alliances, he is ever absolved by the unthinking world, and the blame thrown entirely on his parliament; which he is still supposed, upon the credit of a received tradition, not to be able to govern or lead into all his honest purposes, though it be, in reality, the best trained, and most

easily managed, of any beast of burden in the universe. So that as things now stand, Clarendon's antimonarchical scheme is like to continue for ever the surest support of tyranny. The whigs must be the majority in parliament. They alone can be bribed to sell and subdue the people; and a king of Great Britain must be a downright fool, or a madman, not to be on a surer foot of reputation, as well as power, than any other sovereign upon earth. He may be at the head of different alliances at the same time, as well as of different churches; and has a more undisputed right to personal infallibility than the pope. The other monarchies of Europe, originally limited, have become absolute by the policy of keeping their ancient demesnes, and adding those of the rebellious barons to them from time to time: that of England, by having no demesnes at all.

In this happy circumstance, a king of England, while he is in perfect security at home, can keep his foreign enemies in awe, by the terror of his fleets at sea, and confederacies on the continent; or by sowing corruption in councils and cabinets abroad, which are now as accessible to it, as his parliament. If intrigue should fail, the whigs, by whom he reigns, will always find him money enough to do the business. In the mean time, he can stand in no manner of apprehension with respect to any part of his subjects, except a distant one, in regard of those established by Clarendon, to wit, the Irish whigs. These have had earnest longings after independency both upon the church and state of England, ever since their establishment in Ireland. The division of the vulgar of that country from them, in point of religion, and the long peace of the neighbouring powers with England, have rendered all their views impracticable hitherto. England is mad enough to encourage persecution in that country; and if they can, by executing the penal laws

in all their rigour, force the people at length to be of a piece with them, they may not be long to seek for a proper occasion to withdraw themselves from the dominion of England, as the Portuguese did, some time ago, from that of Spain, though upon the same continent. In that case, as they were founded upon presbytery and fanaticism, the ecclesiastical livings will be no small accession of power and encouragement for them to return to the religion of their fathers. Their honour will be concerned in having a church of their own; and there is nothing so easy, as to make five hundred as good as any of those now in being, within the comprehensive system of Clarendon.

Who can think it strange, after all, that Clarendon should reckon the Irish a blind and stupid people, since they could not discover the broad way to their temporal and eternal happiness, as well as he and all his pupils of the present latitude? But, in the name of wonder, since they could have made the way to Heaven, notwithstanding the needless burden of their articles of faith, why should they be destroyed in this world merely upon account of them? After having suffered so much for their rebellion against Cromwell, why should they be made martyrs to their loyalty, when their king was actually on the throne? a man must be stupid indeed, not to see through all this mechanism of sacrificing people to God and to the devil at once. But, thanks to their stars! their friend Clarendon is still alive: his spirit of persecution will open their eyes at last, and bring them to their senses. Whenever they can get clear of the devil, in his way, by having little or no religion at all, they will soon become as wise as their neighbours; and by agreeing among themselves, get clear of England, and her church too into the bargain.

Dear Mentor, excuse me for having finished, as folks do generally in their drink, with a dispute about religion; I love religion, with all my soul, where it is sincere; but abhor, above all things, the pretence or abuse of it, to advance any purpose but those that regard the other world. As I have a soul (I hope) to be saved, I have studied all the present religions with care: and if my creed did not determine me to be a catholic, I freely own I should be troubled with none of them, because of all the vile and cruel rogueries I have seen them misapplied to. Most of them, for want of authority, are lost in freethinking: others, by arrogating too much authority, vanish into superstition. These two kinds, abandoned to such extremities, have infinitely more business upon earth, than ever they are like to have in Heaven. The catholic may be free from either, if he pleases: if he fall into either, he must be knave or fool. The same may be said of a national church, guarded by the civil, and fenced by her own ecclesiastical authority. She may be very catholic, without being enslaved to the decretals and extravagancies of popery; or overlaid by the heavier weight of presbytery; or made the jest and handmaid of freethinking! It is a general remark, that two of a trade cannot agree. The most sanguine jesuits, though they are forced to keep some measures, are horribly cried out at by those that pretend to the strictest kind of reformation: yet these, whenever they get the temporal power into their hands, outdo them infinitely in all their arts of double dealing and tyranny. But all our jars are a noise about nothing: Clarendon, a man of much more religion and sense than either the apostles, fathers, or councils, has discovered, of late, that heresy is only a dream; since, according to him, catholic and christian are one and the same thing in fact. So let us burn our books and our schools, for there is an end of

controversy. However, let us keep rancour and persecution on foot, with all the zeal of our fathers. There has been, and there is still, something to be got by it.

I own I am a little mad; so Mentor must take nothing ill that I say to him. My patience is exhausted, and I have done all I could to tire his. He must blame his own good nature, that has given me room to vent my spleen. As I have no friend here of genius or freedom of thought enough to comprehend these notions, they had rotted in my breast, and thrown me, perhaps, into some dangerous indisposition, if I had not come out with them. I am now setting out upon an expedition against the Moors, since the modern christians are too hard for me; and whatever may be my fate, it is an exceeding comfort to me to have thus discharged my conscience in regard of these, before I enter the lists against their brethren the mahometans.

As for the blank verses which I recommended so earnestly to the care of Mentor, I now abandon them to his discretion. If he thinks them worth his correction, he will give them to the public as he proposes, without the name of an author, and with his own, after the epistle to recommend them. It will do me a great deal of honour, and I will take care it shall do him no manner of mischief. If he neglect publishing them, I shall have the mortification of believing the present I took the liberty to make him not worth his while, or that my present liberty of speech is offensive to him. This must not be. We are all brethren in fact; and no man should be angry at another, for using him with all the intimacy of a friend, and opening his whole heart to him without malice or disguise. I beg pardon of Mentor, and of all those great names he mentions, for my censures upon rhyme and raillery, which he may soften or expunge entirely, according to his better judgment. I should be

day you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting place, *(experto crede)* save elevenpence and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear; and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting; while I who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your

of blood in anger or enmity, or wrong any man living of a cracked sixpence, to make all the world catholics; yet I am as staunch a one myself as any pope in the universe. I am all for the primitive church, in which people made proof of their religion only at their own expense. But I laugh, with great contempt, at those who will force others to Heaven their way, in spite of charity.

Though I should be in the deserts of Libya, I can still hear from Mentor. It is not necessary he should submit his criticism or correction to me, since I constitute him my judge, without appeal. The gentleman of my family mentioned by him, is the honestest, but the idlest fellow breathing. I cannot even get a letter from him. Thus my reliance for the revising and publishing of those pieces is entirely upon Mentor, whom I embrace with all my heart, this 27th of February, 1732.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *March* 13, 1731-2.

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much yours. The downs of Amesbury are so smooth, that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General

Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I set out to-morrow morning for Rousham, in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's* cause, if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same. Her grace too has undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your South-sea bonds; there is a year's interest due at Lady-day. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them; perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered on some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Bromley, without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed

* William Ryves, Esq. was an eminent merchant in Dublin. The cause alluded to by Mr. Gay was an appeal by David Bindon, Esq. another merchant, from a decree of the court of exchequer in Ireland, in favour of Mr. Ryves. The appeal was dismissed, and the decree affirmed, May 4, 1738. N.

a week with him, at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, being the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, March 29, 1732.

MR. FAULKNER,

WITHOUT the least regard to your wager, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet, called, An Infallible Scheme to Pay the Debts of the Nation; and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived; and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner, that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor,* nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington showed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not to venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him.

I am, your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* The famous oculist. N.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

TO LADY ACHESON.

AN APRIL FOOL LETTER.

Saturday morning, 1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. ——'s house yesterday at dinner in his return from Wicklow.* He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colics. Mrs. Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monday returns. Adieu, &c. I mend a little.

* A very delightful village in the county of Wicklow, about fourteen miles from Dublin. F.

best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news; I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old; so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, May 13, 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my style, than my ink, that is so hard to be read: however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart ach; and if that would be any hinderance, they shall never have my consent to go back to Ireland, but remain here, and be only King of Knowle* and Drayton; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he would not need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about: but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you bestowed on sleeping; one or two of them I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant to it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time; for, when complaisance draws me no farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expense of my breath, in asking, Who plays? Who's called? And what's trumps? and if you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work or had a book; but as

* A fine old seat of the Duke of Dorset's. H.

neither sort was the best or most useful, so you will find forty years and a wee bit have done no more good to my head than it has to my face. Your old friend Biddy is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a sly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do.

The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon Lord George.*

Adieu, for the Duchess, the Countess of Suffolk, Mr. Chardin, and I, are going to quadrille.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 19, 1732.

To-morrow we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them mostly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another;

* Lord George Sackville was at that time a student in the university of Dublin. H.

but I have a moral or two more, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about the downs a horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l.* I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l.* on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s.* Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South-sea scheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of Lord Drumlanrig,* who was taken ill of the smallpox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still

* Her son. N.

retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen Dean Berkeley, but have read his book,* and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he has published.† I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings; and I should have advised him, as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

* Alciphron: or, The Minute Philosopher. Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes, 8vo. B.

† He published at London, in the year 1732, "Revelation examined with Candour," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. B.

FROM LADY CATHARINE JONES*.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningsby with; for I being but one part of the family, cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.

I need not inform Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and though I have the honour to be allied to my Lord Burlington, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me is, as if I was a separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to it.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing Dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so

* See a letter from this lady, June 11, 1729, on the repairs of her grandfather Archbishop Jones' monument, in St. Patrick's cathedral. For this purpose the twenty shillings a year were doubtless settled by the family. This lady and Richard the last Earl of Burlington, were second cousins, being both lineally descended from the first Earl of Cork. She died April 14, 1740, worth 200,000*l.* N.

much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage to reap.

Your most humble and obliged servant,
CATHARINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. French* is just, and his due.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves, a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in; which, however, you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged; and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and Corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England; but, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The

* Humphrey French, lord mayor of Dublin; to whom the dean addressed an Ode of Horace, printed in vol. xi. N.

present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me.* I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health—and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess; and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind: you eat without

* From the time of Stella's death, in 1727, Swift's life became much more retired, and the austerity of his temper naturally increased. He could not join in the social cheerfulness of his public days; or bear such an intrusion on his own melancholy, as the cheerfulness of others. His Chapter entertainments, however, which were four yearly, were not discontinued in his house, though he often declined presiding at the table, and sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends. N.

care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court hopes and court fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation: neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention! What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the duchess be a *rêveuse*, I will never go to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst: and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus

I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Madam, your grace's most obedient,
and most humble, &c.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world (according to the French phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state; or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill natured, and disappointing a good natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum.**

* Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace. B

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergyman, one Mr. Talbot, related to the solicitor general,* and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield,† which the late bishop of Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was bishop of Oxford. The living is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my Lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanery is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare

* Afterward lord chancellor. N.

† A rectory in Berkshire. B.

Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the Archbishop of Dublin. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him and our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this; that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an English county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them to insist upon, and coming out of a whig mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter Pope has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelation. To be serious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires despatch and management. Though I have room, I

will not say one word to you about Berkeley's* or Delany's† book. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics; by showing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable, better than it has been some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I cannot afford, Mr. Dean; for I am grown saving, thanks to your sermon about frugality.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. Floyd came ill here, but she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing

* "Alciphron; or, The Minute Philosopher." B.
† "Revelation Examined with Candour." B.

what I heartily wish. As I dare say you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long, long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect I should have followed your orders, and rid, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The Duke and Duchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know whether you remember Mrs. Crowther and Mrs. Acourt; they and Mr. Persode are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still; and my Lady Suffolk talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, I had like to have forgot to tell you that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister Pen's age was; but I think she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birthday; but if I make my letter any longer, per-

haps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear dean.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.*

MR. ALDERMAN, *Dublin, July* 22, 1732.

THERE is a young gentleman of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard. And I cannot but wish this young gentleman (for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage) might have the honour to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is Matthew Pilkington; he is some years under thirty, but has more

* John Barber, son of a barber, in the city of London, was bred a printer, in which business, by a successful train of circumstances, which brought him acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, and others of the most eminent writers of the age, he acquired considerable opulence. He added greatly to his wealth by the South Sea scheme, which he had prudence enough to secure in time, and purchased an estate at East Sheen with part of his gains. In principles he was a jacobite; and in his travels to Italy, whither he went for the recovery of his health, was introduced to the Pretender, which exposed him to some dangers on his return to England; for immediately on his arrival he was taken into custody by a king's messenger; but was released without punishment. He was elected Alderman of Castle Baynard ward 1722; sheriff 1730; and in 1732-3 lord mayor of London. During his mayoralty it happened that the scheme of a general excise was brought forward; by his active opposition to which, he acquired, for a time, a considerable degree of popularity, though he is accused of procuring clandestinely from Mr. Bosworth, the city chamberlain, the documents which enabled him to make so conspicuous a figure on that occasion. Among the alderman's public actions, it should be mentioned, that he put up a monument to Butler, in Westminster Abbey. By his will, dated Dec. 28, 1740, he desired that his body might be buried at Mortlake, as near as possible to the ground which he had given to enlarge the church yard. He bequeathed 300*l.* to Lord Bolingbroke, 200*l.* to Dean Swift, and 100*l.* to Mr. Pope; and, dying a few days afterward, was buried pursuant to his request. See his epitaph in Lysons' Environs of London, vol. i. p. 374. N.

wit, sense, and discretion, than any of your London parsons ten years above his age. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of prior engagements; because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favour from you. Therefore, pray let me know immediately that you have complied with my request before you had read half my letter.* I expect your answer, to my satisfaction, and the happiness of the young gentleman; and am, with great sincerity,

Your most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

P. S. You need not be afraid of Mr. Pilkington's hanging upon you; for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the church; but he would be glad to see England, and be more known to those who will esteem him, and may raise him.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury July* 24, 1732.

As the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter

* This letter was sent to Mrs. Barber the poetess and Mr. Delany, who were then in London, to be delivered by them to the alderman; but they never delivered it, out of a desire, as was supposed, to prevent the recommendation from succeeding: and the dean was under the necessity of writing a second letter to the same purpose, which secured the place to Mr. Pilkington. N.

last post, I should have done now. I left your two South Sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South Sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 per cent to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon; for he has a house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent, were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside the principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended, this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of Fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me he has heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.* For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another;

* The duchess here takes up the rest of the line. N.

for we never flatter or contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for some body is never sick, except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased, perhaps both; you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine.* Many thanks for your drum—— I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

* When the dean was with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." N.

FROM MRS. CÆSAR.*

Aug. 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of St. Patrick's, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope says, though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So with Mr. Cæsar's, and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest dean, adieu.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

FROM LADY WORSLEY.†

SIR, *Aug.* 6, 1732.

I FLATTER myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your

* Wife to the treasurer of the navy during Lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of Queen Anne. H.

† Endorsed, "Lady Worsley, with a present of a writing-box japanned by herself." This lady was Frances, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. and mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterward Earl Granville. N.

remembrance, while there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share (you once told me) I had in your heart. I am yet vain enough to think I deserve it better than all those flirting girls you coquet with. I will not yield (even) to *dirty Patty*, whom I was the most jealous of when you was last here. What if I am a great grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put one in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the Isle of Wight, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of Canterbury, I should forget my resentments, for the sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power, as my inclination, to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the Bath is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you will show it by taking my advice; if not, I will endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am as much as ever, the dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, August 10, 1732.

MR. ALDERMAN,

I AM very angry with my friend Doctor Delany, for not applying to you sooner, as I desired him, in favour of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, a young clergyman here, who has a great ambition to have the honour of being your chaplain in your mayoralty. I waited for the doctor's answer before I could write to you, and it came but last night. He tells me you have been so very kind as to give him a promise upon my request; I will therefore tell my story. This gentleman was brought to me by the doctor about four years ago, and I found him so modest a young man, so good a scholar and preacher, and of so hopeful a genius, and grew still better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been seeking all opportunities to do him some real service; from no other motive in the world but the esteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in such a case, however contrary it may be to the present practice of the world. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Doctor Arbuthnot, and some other of my friends, wherein I will assist him with my recommendations. He is no relation or dependent of mine. I am not putting you upon a job, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burden upon you, for he has some fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and has also a convenient establishment in a church in this city.

Mr. Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your command, and I wish he may go as soon as possible, that

he may have a few weeks to prepare him for his business, by seeing the tower, the monument, and Westminster-abbey, and have done staring in the streets.

I am so entirely out of the world, that I cannot promise a hope ever to requite your favour, otherwise than with hearty thanks for conferring this obligation upon me. And I shall ever remain, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea* should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my

* Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South Sea scheme. And there was a print by Hogarth, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for the figure of Gay; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young Duke of Cumberland. To such subjects, it is to be wished, that Hogarth had always confined the powers of his pencil. "His Sigismunda," says Mr. Walpole, "is a maudlin strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her lover had given her. And as to his scene from Milton, Hell and Death have lost their terrors, and Sin is divested of all powers of temptation." Dr. WARTON.

dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critic; and between you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a year, and that must be made up out of the duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

MADAM,

I was the most unwary creature in the world,* when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair. As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the queen, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone

* One of the last, and most elegant compliments which this singular lady, after having been celebrated by so many former wits and poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his works, p. 65; which compliment turns on the peculiar circumstance of her grace's having never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty. Dr. Warton.

even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between whig and tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, it is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postillions: and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to goody Dobson

and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, *Dublin, Aug.* 17, 1732.

I RECEIVED your last letter, with the note to Mr. North. I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of such a present, and shall be glad to have an opportunity to express my gratitude to you.

I would send with this letter two or three of those papers which I design for your volume, but the dean is reading them over, to try if there be any alteration requisite in any of them. I showed him your note to Mr. North; and I believe he was at least as much pleased as the person who was to receive it. We have thoughts of preparing a preface to your edition, in the name of the editor. Let me know whether I shall send the pamphlets by post, and whether you have the Journal of a Dublin Lady, the Ballad on the English Dean, and Rochford's Journal, because you shall have the copies sent to you, and the property effectually secured. I mentioned your request to the dean; and I shall get you the right of printing the proposal for Eating Children. I mentioned the alteration of the titles; and he thinks it will be most proper to give them both the Irish and English titles; for instance, the Soldier and the Scholar, or Hamilton's Bawn, &c. I have some hope of being able to send all these in about a week or fortnight's time; and shall venture to send them by post, though it will be expensive. The dean says, he thinks

the assignment* as full as it is possible for him to write; but that he will comply with any alterations we think proper. I shall expect to hear from you as soon as possible; because I have some schemes to transact, which probably I shall acquaint you with in my next letter.

I am, sir,

Your most obliged servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO MR. POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue without bribery; therefore let me know what he expects, to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience: every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation

* See this assignment in vol. I. N.

to myself, because I know you wish me well: I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country.

When a christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears: but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert Sutton.*

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the drapier of Ireland accuse the Englishmen of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would but little avail.

Yours, &c.

* He was expelled the house of commons for being concerned in the charitable corporation, which lent money to poor people on pledges. See very ample accounts of the whole transaction in the periodical publications of 1732 and 1733. N.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR, *London, Aug.* 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. Delany had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authorative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common councilmen had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can. For, sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to show my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid cannot lie in the hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will show him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo: (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expense, by having a raree show (or pageant) as of old, on the lord mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, etc. and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, sir,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
J. BARBER.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, *August* 28, 1732.

I HAVE sent you some of the pamphlets I promised, in as large a parcel as I could venture. The dean has, with his own hand, made some alterations in some of them. I will by next post, or next but one, send you another pamphlet at least, and a new assignment from the dean. He received a letter from Mr. Pope and Mr. Motte; but neither have been of the least disadvantage to my request. I cannot say but I am proud of his friendship to me.

I desire that you will insist upon your right by the assignment I formerly sent; and let Mr. Motte show

you any thing under the dean's hand which will invalidate it! Our affair is a point where the dean's honour is concerned; and that very consideration may convince you that your interests will be secured. You shall hear from me more particularly in a post or two.

I send you a catalogue of some of those pieces which you are entitled to print; and if you would add any of the Intelligencers, I can inform you which are the dean's, and which not.

A catalogue of pieces which you are empowered to print, by the dean's assignment: The Barrack. An Ode to Ireland, from Horace. A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret. To Dr. Delany, on the Libels against him. O'Rourk. The Dressing Room. The Defence of it. The Journal at Rochford's. The Thorn. City Cries. Project, Bishops' Lands. On Bishop's Leases. Arguments against repealing the Test Act. Considerations on the Bishops' Bills. Vindication of Lord Carteret. Proposal for Eating Children. Poem on the English Dean. Journal of a Dublin Lady.

MATT. PILKINGTON.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Aug.* 28, 1732.

Mr. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you (I mean, beside the South Sea bond of a hundred, that still subsists;) but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of

my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might with me, have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am growing so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskings, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among

us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to Amesbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman. As Dr. Delany* has taken away a fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUCHESS BEGINS.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe;* but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a

* Dr. Delany married first Mrs. Tennison, and afterwards Mrs. Pendarves; but not till a few years after the date of this letter. We have a letter with that lady's signature, September 2, 1736. Mr. Faulkner says, in 1735, 'she was married some years after; and she was a lady of the finest accomplishments and most universal genius. N.

dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour; in this rank, Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

MR. GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte, and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the dean, to get him to give them some copyright, which surely he will be not so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with than a common bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it

would be silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends' power, into that of mercenaries."

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.

DEAR SIR, *Island-Bridge, Sept.* 9, 1732.

It has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed to the hazard of others as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till, by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upward. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time, the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any

such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the Earl of Kildare, which put a full stop to further applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to Bedlam. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. Steven's hospital, viz. to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expense of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the outskirts of the city I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be of such a size that it may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries. This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund and occasion to require additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but any ordinary capacities may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well disposed persons who will say, they will make this enlargement, and so others; and, by such

helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper spot,* which I think the chapter of St. Patrick let to one Lee, a bricklayer or builder. It lies back of Aungier-street east, comes out of York-street, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King-street, facing William-street; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by Dowling and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an alms-house, made by Mrs. Mercer; though by the by, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fail, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, do not deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention,

* The ground here mentioned by Sir William Fownes, does not belong to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick, but to the corporation of vicars choral in that cathedral. F.

you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called Bedlam, be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, subscriptions to be taken in Dublin, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of Bedlam, the subscription be collected, and sent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of (Query, Mr. Thorn, steward to the Blue-coat hospital, a very proper person?)

IV. That, upon notice given by Mr. Thorn, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in Dublin, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. Thorn, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only six-pence per pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the Royal Hospital.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three

of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such manner as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. Thorn to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room; and a garrret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessaries; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting, a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a

gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

As there is a fund * * * *

DEAR SIR,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a-going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. Tom Thorn by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, September 11, 1732.

MY LORD ELECT,

I ANTICIPATE your title, because perhaps it may be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And, besides, I have a mind to be the first person who gives it to you. And, first, I heartily acknowledge your goodness in favouring a young gentleman who has well answered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have some years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but

none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way since I knew him; and power with others, you know, or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modesty, as his learning and sense, or any good quality he has. And it would be hard, after your sending us over so many worthless bishops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not suffer us to lend you, at least for one year, one sample of modesty, virtue, and good sense; and I am glad it falls to your lordship to give the first precedent. I will write to Dr. Trap in Mr. Pilkington's favour, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although, perhaps, you will think, I may pretend to some. It is by my advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over somewhat sooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till you please to command him, which I suppose will not be till you are settled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameness could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a spectator, and I should have forwarded, to the utmost, Mr. Pope's scheme, for I never approved the omission of those shows. And I think I saw, in my youth, a lord mayor's show with all that pomp, when Sir Thomas Pilkington,* of your chaplain's name and family, made his procession.

I have advised your chaplain to send you this letter, and not present it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he shall wait on you the next morning, when he has taken a lodging for himself, till you come into your mayoralty.

* Sir Thomas Pilkington was lord mayor in three successive years, from 1689 to 1691. N.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the same court and the same cause, and exiles, after a sort, you a voluntary one, and I a necessary; but you have outthrown me many a hundred bars' lengths. I heartily wish the continuance of your good success, and am, with great truth,

Your most constant friend,

and most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke: which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drank drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find Lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine,

the more and the longer I know her. But you say, "you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry;" and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be realy and truly your sense, because it is unjust: and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely your's.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 16, 1732.

I AM at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mrs. Launcelot 12*l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss by paying off one of the South Sea bonds: and I find I have remaining of yours 211*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. Hoare has done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him

yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. Hoare's hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice; so that I do not expect much encouragement: though I really think, in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. Pulteney's young son has had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why cannot you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find

it account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.*

MY LORD, *Dublin, Dec.* 14, 1732.

AFTER obtaining one favour from your lordship, I am under the necessity of requesting another; which, however, I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what employments you may have in your disposal during your mayoralty; but some I presume you will have. It is therefore my request, and will be so likewise of some others among your friends, that if any employment should fall vacant, during your government, which Mr. Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your lordship would please that he the refusal, with as much favour as will consist with your own generous disposition, adding the friendship you are pleased to profess to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of English birth; a very upright honest man, and his wife has abundance of merit in all respects; they design to settle among you, having turned what fortune they had here into money.

And now, my lord, I heartily give you joy of governing the noblest city in the world, where I know you are desirous, and able, to do so much good, and to set a worthy pattern for the imitation of those who shall come after you. If my health, and the bad situation of my private affairs, will permit, I shall hope to have the ho-

* John Barber, Esq. See July 23, 1732. N.

nour of being one among your guests next summer. Mr. Pilkington is, in his letters, perpetually full of your great favours to him, and says you will be his voucher that he still continues his modest behaviour, which I always pressed upon him as the best quality in a young man, although I never observed the least want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health, which in our city of Dublin is a difficult task for a lord mayor to perform; and if your lordship be under the necessity of drinking as many healths in proportion on public days as are done here, you will be in great danger of ruining your own. I am, with entire friendship and true respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you show for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of Lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the army bill. There is no danger of repealing the test. The court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatic leaders much against

the grain of the body. It is said, the Bishop of Salisbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that Lady Acheson does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good nature. I fancy Arsalla† has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died;† though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly. N.

† The seat of Peter Ludlow, Esq. father to the first Earl of Ludlow. N.

‡ Nov. 16, 1732, Mr. Gay tells the dean, "I am at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. If my present object succeeds, you may expect a better account of my fortune a little while after the holidays. But I promise myself nothing." See the preceding letter. He died Dec. 4, only eighteen days after. N.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, *Deanery House, Jan.* 1, 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of a newspaper, with the verses,* than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me,† as have also some particular friends of genius and

* Mrs. Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon: "Why," said he pertly, "what should you write upon but paper?" So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London newspapers. See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 83.

"O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd!
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilied banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live." D. S.

† Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dr. Swift had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the Earl of Orrery, and a silver standish from Dr. Delany, sent him an eagle quill with the following verses upon his birth-day, Nov. 30, 1732:

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my generous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.

taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency show them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you, I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, madam,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM MR. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT.†

DEAR SIR, *Rouen, Jan.* 2, 1732-3.

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to Spa, or to some such place, and that you would have

'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.*
I to the faithful canvass have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipt pencils rise
Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your muse;
Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere. D. S.

* Quills of the harpsichord.

† Mr. Arbuthnot married a widow lady of Suffolk, with 600*l.* a year. See his character in Mr. Pope's letter to Lord Digby, Sept. 1, 1722. N.

taken Paris in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommended to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. De la Mar. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can show him. Adieu, dear sir, if I can serve you in any thing, command me always, for I am, with great esteem,

Your most humble
and most obedient servant,
ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, *January* 8, 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons

not hard to guess;* and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, "That I was informed she loved to see odd persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote† a very ingenious book of fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, "That if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said

* It should be, "not hard to *be guessed*." S.
† It should be, "he had *written*." S.

the same thing to the princess, with the same intention: and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn; for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, "That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself:" it seems, for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend: but Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me, "The medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring, I came again to England; was received the same way; and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties' hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen In a few weeks, the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables) "that she would take up the Hare;" and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay; but, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept; and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I, and every body else were

sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well; and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice;" which she did, both in a letter, and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith: and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds, except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her show you the character I writ of her, and where of no one else has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would

be an ornament to any court: and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a breach of politics as they usually suppose: for, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue, may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be; but I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous whig, and so am I to this day; but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument,* nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem,

Madam, your ladyship's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the crown

* In St. Andrew's church, Dublin, to the memory of her sister, Lady Penelope Berkeley. F.

and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *London, Jan.* 13, 1732.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay.* It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending

* He died December 4, 1732. H.

him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stockjobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an ex-

periment of a silly project in the trial of a poor parson.* The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is De la Mar, to whom show what friendship you can. My brother is getting money now, in China, less, and more honestly, than his predecessor's supercargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respest,

Your most faithful humble servant.

* Dr. Sacheverell, H.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, *January*, 1732-3.

It is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, enclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man has a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publicly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance, on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: in spite of whom it will be said, in future ages, that one of Lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. Swift. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron of virtue, learning, and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant

age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer of, my lord,

Your most obedient, obliged, and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday evening,
Feb. 2, 1732-3.

SIR,

I DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you showed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed, I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know, that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you, than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so do not be angry at these blots. Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of 0*l.* 1*s.* 1 1-2*d.* for value received, this 2d day of February, 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY.*

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. DODSLEY.†

SIR, *Feb.* 5, 1732-3.

I WAS very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you I like it, so far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please on the stage, I doubt; but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me; I will recommend it to Mr. Rich.‡ If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could show you my friendship in any instance.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

* This promissory note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the doctor's. D. S.

† Mr. Robert Dodsley, the celebrated bookseller, to whom Mr. Pope was one of the earliest patrons. He died Sept. 25, 1764. N.

‡ He was as good as his word. He recommended to Mr. Rich "The Triflers," the piece above alluded to; and by his interest it was brought on the stage, and very favourably received. N.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen Anne's Birthday:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called *lord mayor's officers*, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city music, and a porter to Guildhall.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, that I have been, for many years, plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters, called *cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all would not do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and cannot help myself.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great, I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's square, and another at Sheen, (which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him the other day to see her grace of Bucks in the Park. Her grace seeing him, asked, who he was? I answered, "He was a present from you from Dublin." She smilingly replied, "He is no fool then, I am sure."

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, sir,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
J. BARBER.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Feb. 8, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January, but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier.* She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as she always does: but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire with their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she showed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

* The countess of Suffolk. H.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it (that I detest avarice in courts, corruption in ministers, schisms in religion, illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres.) But, at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived long in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir Robert Walpole, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless, party factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to show that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and ad-

mire; in which number is Lady Suffolk: and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her.*

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Feb.* 16, 1732-3.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence, and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any other's on this side.

I am just recovered, in some degree, of two cruel indispositions, of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil

* This spirited defence of Lady Suffolk, against a man of Swift's ability and disposition, does Lady Betty Germain more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world. H.

hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your lordship, and Lady Oxford* and Lady Margaret,† continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire respect and esteem,
Your lordship's most obedient,
and most obliged servant,
J. SWIFT

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

SIR, *Feb.* 21, 1732-3.

Soon after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But, considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope showed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I *seem* to have. I am conscience of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any me-

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of his grace John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, was married to his lordship the 31st of October, 1713. N.

† This lady was married to William Bentinck, duke of Portland, July 11, 1734. N.

mory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The Duke of Queensberry meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money affair. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with your money, great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy me; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health

and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year than I have seen him a good while. This you will believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this, in order to be my own flatterer.

I will believe——

I never write my name.

I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of Queensberry bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

The kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek farther after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledg-

ments for, since at the same time you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return;* and as I think to be a member of our senate-house, is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of Clogher, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for court favour only, or to the highest bidder: practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, beside paying an acknowledgment that in gratitude is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I do not succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have at-

* It is presumed from his travels

tained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had it sooner; now it is too late, *la farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle;* yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestic. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM, *March* 20, 1732-3.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered

with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend,* I mean, my banishment in this miserable country: for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, farther than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon long life, and what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and, therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life,

* Mr. Gay. H.

was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances, with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very techy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, showed you my letter, wherein I mentioned good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word, to show it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters

may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am, with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, *March* 24, 1732 3.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I do not know. I showed it to my wife and Lady Worsley, who will not fail to obey your commands, and tease me if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of Dublin when it comes into the house. I know by experience how much that city thinks itself under your protection,

and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder.* You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. Pilkington. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. Delany is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor would not have leisure to pursue his dissertations,† or to answer the reverend prelate‡ on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me that I would shut my eyes to such revelation, so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition: and, therefore, I would run no risk as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

* Mr. Stanard was about this time chosen recorder for the city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. Swift. H.

† Revelation examined with candour. B.

‡ Dr. Robert Clayton, Bishop of Killala, Jan. 23, 1729; translated to Cork, Dec. 19, 1735; and to Clogher, Aug. 26, 1745. He was the author of "A Vindication of the Old and New Testament, &c." against Lord Bolingbroke, and of many other valuable treatises. N.

five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am yours, &c.

P. S. I believe there are an hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them. So pick as you are able.

I am not *so frank* a writer as you.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper, which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *penultième;* I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l.* He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the Dublin cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man,

nor the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises I know not) that though the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hardhearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: but, was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed over the christian world. So much for the Dublin cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about Midsummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think I may say it is by much the finest place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.*

* Probably by the publication of the first satire of the second book of Horace imitated, in a dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq. on the one part, and his learned counsel on the other; published February, 1732-3. B.

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Poor John Gay! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle: for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

FROM LORD MASHAM.

SIR, *London, April* 7, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mention, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the

Mashams, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir,

Your most faithful and humble servant,
MASHAM.

POSTSCRIPT BY LADY MASHAM.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for, in doing it, you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant,

A. MASHAM.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, *April* 12, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment, so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a

most dispiriting distemper. And bring on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

While I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefullest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am techy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfect ones of an imperfect mind; (which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act.) Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same, yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down; for words are wind it is said; but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart, would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for, my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, viz. disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise and good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it;

but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that is a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or to my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of: for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbles me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer: for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money: but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Launcelott*, (ill spelt to be sure,) and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to

you as you order. And as to what interest is due to you, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear sir, most sincerely

Yours, &c.

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for, though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and I doubt occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might show you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his public capacity, that whether it be his humility or his pride, he deserves to be gratified.

I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half

your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should he not show as much regard for the liberty of England as he did for the money of Ireland? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people were offended that the bills were dropped, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shown an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to show himself in the corporation; and Henley, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds. * * * * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey.

I am most entirely your grateful, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

Bath, Nov. 14, 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves; and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir Arthur's* planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beside a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, though I know nothing of it, that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you keep the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and I believe if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say

* Sir Arthur Acheson's. N.

any thing farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you, it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! the whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs, is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and health, I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing room was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728-9.

I LIVED very easily in the country: Sir Arthur is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very g ood, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing

improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord lieutenant was only in a common newspaper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve,* whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, beside his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but al-

* He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of Cowley, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to have been a wit and a poet, it was so unassuming and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a strenuous whig, to the favour of Lord Oxford. It is remarkable, that on the first publication, Congreve thought "the Tale of a Tub" gross and insipid. Swift, in a copy of verses to Dr. Delany, drew a picture of Congreve's fortune and situation, which is unfair and overcharged. For the honour of government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income. Dr. Warton.

most, that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him; he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom; he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body—is not this the truly happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord ——, who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom

I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence has ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence, or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper;* for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant: but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the house of commons, only because you were sure of a majority in the house of lords, to throw it out; because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told has been

* "A Libel on Dr. Delany and a certain great Lord."
WARBURTON.

the case in the qualification bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me that corruption, like avarice, has no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a madding, merely for want of better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim,** *&c.* The devil take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus.*† Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? have you not bad weather for the spring corn? has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another en-

* "New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame." S.

† "O could I turn to that fair prime again!
——————yet in his years are seen
A manly vigour, and autumnal green." S.

tertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *mêlange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue

My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart.* Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the restoration when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons. In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man, or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who, I thought, when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari;* the com-

* "I am afraid that he had money as much in his *heart* as his *head*. As he advanced in years, he grew shamefully parsimonious." Dr. Warton.

monness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before: which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he intimates; "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious:" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimblefull in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of

virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius.* *Hic explicit epistola ad dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy,† where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books besides; because, whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the de-

* Dr. Hawkesworth observes that Baronius was the only piece of Church History that was found in his library. But it appears, that he possessed also the Magdeburgh Ecclesiastical Historians, and had diligently read them. N.

† In Montesquieu's Persian Letters, there is an admirable one upon this subject. Dr. Warton.

cline or decay of spirits; and I will farther tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

TO MR. POPE.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which, however, I find, with some comfort, do now daily decline, very suitably to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially toward night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have

been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country,* there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age has made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she has so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have

* There are many acute and new observations on the state of Ireland in Berkeley's "Querist," by which he appears to be as great a patriot and politician, as in his other works he is a philosopher and divine. WARBURTON.

yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland, when you shall be at your own disposal, is, that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisa frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine and scraps of a chicken it may cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice, though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches toward it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, or rather to be surer of his rents. But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.** and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but

* He gained, we see, a considerable sum by his writings. Enough has been said of Milton's selling his Paradise Lost for ten pounds. Tonson gave Dryden only two hundred and fifty guineas for ten thousand verses to make up the volume of his "Fables." It may be of use to inform young adventurers, that Thomson sold his "Winter" to Millar for only three guineas. He gained but little more for his Spring. The year after, when he rose in reputation, 1728, Andrew Millar gave him fifty guineas for his "Summer." This was his first connexion with Thomson, whom he ever afterward honoured and assisted if called upon. Dr. Young received of Dodsley two hundred guineas for the first three "Night Thoughts." Dr. Akenside one

I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse of you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. Blount, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

FROM MR. POPE.

Oct. 9, 1729.

It pleases me that you received my books at last; but you never once told me if you approve of the whole, or disapprove not of some parts, of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to show that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: if in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here, may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's-hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I

hundred and twenty guineas for his "Pleasures of Imagination;" and Mallet the same sum for his "Amyntor and Theodora." Some modern booksellers behave to authors with much liberality and generosity. Dr. Warton; who here speaks feelingly, having then just received 500*l.* for his edition of Pope's Works. N.

truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and can afford to give away 100*l.* a year. Do not be angry; I will not live to be very old. I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the duke and duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man; so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille*

qui minimis urgetur. Poor Mrs. is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no body to pull it out. The court lady* I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as no body can detect a great fault so well as you, no body would so well hide a small one. But after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen: it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of

* Mrs. Howard. N.

our own, which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord Bolingbroke, and tell him in my letter, that with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build: I have neither years, nor spirit, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island;* for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition, and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satified that your additional 100*l.* *per annum* is for life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other

* This is a very melancholy picture of the then state of Ireland; and, it must be hoped, does not resemble that kingdom in its present state. Dr. Warton.

part you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago: I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: while my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more; is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which sooths my mind like this:

I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty* of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate** is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000*l*: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for upon recollection the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you

* Viz. *reason*. Tully (to whom the letter-writer seems to allude) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he says, Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: eum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cæpi cogitare, adsentio illa omnis elabitur. Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the cause of the slippery nature of this assent, which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the imagination is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer reason corrects and disclaims it. As to religion, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his lordship's first philosophy (where this whole matter is explained at large) it came at last into the hands of the public. Dr. Warton.

of the work he is about.* I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be in his hands an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know, living or dead: I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

FROM MR. POPE.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit.† How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if once determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit were our epistles to fall

* "Essay on Man;" on which, therefore, it appears he was employed in 1729. Dr. WARTON.

† He used to value himself on this particular. WARBURTON.

into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations.

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of economy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse: then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another,* whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*,† &c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably, as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politics (as my commentator tells you) being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It's certain as he can never expect any favour,‡ his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make

* His mother's. WARBURTON.

† Why do we dart with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life? S.

‡ He was mistaken in this. Knight was pardoned, and came here in the year 1742. WARBURTON.

you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. It is very possible your journey, in the time I compute might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me; the natural imbecility of my body joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together; I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship, at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy: and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley, some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours.* I do not much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do by myself, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull; as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it.

* See the occasion in the second and third paragraphs of Mr. Pope's preface to the first genuine editions of his Letters, published in Dec. 1737. N.

I admire on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. I will fully represent to our friend (and I doubt not it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extremely honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr. ———, of my not having a pension; and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole) that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind, the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe as sincere a well wisher to it, nay even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever; or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bi-

shop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenson, in that place, to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality is a system of ethics in the Horation way.

FROM MR. POPE.

April 12, 1730.

This is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover, he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his Commentary on Job among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among such as are believers, or readers of scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think, that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the public,* so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power, produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most lan-

* A just and sensible criticism on epistolary writings, which we should bear in our minds whilst we are reading this collection of Letters. Dr. WARTON.

guishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu.

I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Jan. 17, 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chymistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, while I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be

sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation* is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires these extraordinary means, which become punishments as well as lessons; national corruption must be purged by national calamities.† Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

March 29, 1730-1.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set agoing, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear

* Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his Philosophical Works intending to depreciate christianity by showing that it has not had a general effect on the morals of mankind, nor produced a real reformation: an argument nothing to the purpose, nor any impeachment of the doctrines of the gospel; even if it were founded, as it certainly is not. Dr. WARTON.

† France affords a striking example of this truth. Dr. WARTON.

dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the gales of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recal the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life, stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here, and yet God knows, she is extremely weak; the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we

keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life; Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than life itself.* You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; and this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the wil-

* She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a very beautiful person, and very agreeable manners. Her letters are written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much observation. Madame de Maintenon mentions her in her letters. Dr. Trapp told me, that Lord Bolingbroke boasting one day of his former gallantries, she said to him, smiling, "When I look at you, methinks I see the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceased to flow." Dr. Warton.

lingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made so strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book,* to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*† While we do live, we must make the best of life.

"Cantantes *licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus.*"‡

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the ha-

* He means his "Essay on Man;" and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their present state, without looking to another. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" in direct opposition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable. Dr. Warton.

† "Thus, thus it pleases us to pass through life." S.

‡ "Let us still go singing on, to beguile the tediousness of the way." S.

bits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject: that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that, where you say you told Dr. Delany the grand points of christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations, &c.*

It happened that while I was writing this to you the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: he was in haste

* In this maxim all bigotted divines and free-thinking politicians agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of the state. And would they be content to take these points for granted themselves, without injuring those in their fortunes and reputation, who are for inquiring into and settling them on their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their piety or their wisdom: but when they begin to persecute those who venture to assume this natural liberty, then they unmask their hypocrisy and machiavelianism. Dr. Warton.

to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations,* a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true: the first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men who, for fear of being savage, live with all who live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

* The work here alluded to, was the first volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation examined with Candour," published 1732; a work written in a florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity than of sound reason and argument. The same may be said of this author's "Life of King David." Witness the first dissertation on the forbidden fruit, the second, concerning the knowledge of the brute world conveyed to Adam; the third, of the knowledge of marriage given to Adam; the sixth, concerning the difficulties and objections that lie against the MOSAIC account of the fall; the fifteenth, on some *difficulties relating to miracles* considered. The best of his works seems to be his "Reflections on Polygamy." Dr. Delany was an amiable, benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer. His Defence of Revelation is of a very different cast from such solid and masterly works as the bishop of Llandaff's "Apology for the Bible," and Archdeacon Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." *Dr.* WARTON.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a freeman. Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters: but I do not feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley, and at home; my lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else are so of being ridiculous. I fancy if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. Delany's book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkeley's, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the

writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is I think purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT, habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon: they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended farther than to divert ourselves and some neighbours: or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been

the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen copy;) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen copy;) the Plea of the Damned (a stolen copy;) all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Beside these there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north, but perfect *family things*,* two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if

* A very excellent, because perfect, sort of primitive verses, which never rose above daily topics, and the *chat* of the times. The greatest part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not of any work of the dean's that can be strictly called *poetical*. Our bards of this species are numerous. Dr. Warton.

I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man* is the most hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. Delany is one of his patrons: he is married, and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and, in proper time, die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose,† begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay I have another of the same age,‡ which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. ——, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

* His name was Pilkington; and he was husband of the lady who wrote memoirs of her own life. Dr. Warton.

† Polite Conversation. See the eighth volume of this edition. N.

‡ Directions to Servants. See vol. viii. N.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

FROM MR. POPE.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears.) It is now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received, December, 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand. Pope.

acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? in every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's-self the least of all.

I shall never see you now I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed, he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. PQPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P. S. BY DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification, of the bowels; it was the most precipitate

case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians beside myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being, with great affection and respect, sir,

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing, I am only concerned that long living has not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: but in the former case I find I have not any more than in the other; and know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless.* You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he has left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all

* See Swift's letter to Gay, July 10, 1732. N.

published in a fair edition, under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages, by our ignorance in facts and persons, which make us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence has made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on. Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service; he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant, plentiful table, walks the streets, as usual, by daylight, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——, which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by

the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirits. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

FROM MR. POPE.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

It is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the

comedy* (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables† he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as your's is. I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to show the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in, that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. Delany, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof

* "The Wife of Bath;" which, in truth, is but an indifferent comedy. Dr. Warton.

† The second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first; particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable, which read like party pamphlets. Dr. Warton.

was, that the booksellers were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I do not mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace,* writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst† is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last: or, (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first

* 2 Sat. i.

† He himself, we see, calls this piece a *letter*, not a *dialogue*, as it was afterward entitled. Dr. Warton.

sight will appear to be not the most but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality) of being *adorned* to death and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives (which is an answer to that point) and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country I think you would have a strong invitation. Lord-Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, enclosed in the common way, as I do to you: innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way estimable: my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands: it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: the whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. Your lady friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an epistle to her, on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic in your absence to be my *chef d'œuvre:* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here) but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play* Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

FROM MR. POPE.

April 2, 1733.

You say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of

* See p. 305. N.

losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully: whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever is, is right. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbours and my papers will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give; and I will not render them less important or less interesting by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher.

You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles: they will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can), and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady Mary Wortley's or Lord Harvey's performance: they are certainly the top wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, precommended, and post-disapproved, so as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints,* and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you. I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem,† in which I am immortal for my morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratiâ*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer, which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so.

* At this time there was a great outcry among all the courtiers against the keenness of this satire. Dr. Warton.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany. Dr. Warton.

late as autumn: you used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never likely to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs) ever your's.

END OF VOL. EIGHTEEN.

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